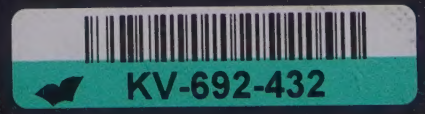
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PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR

TYPICAL PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES REPRODUCED AND CRITICIZED : : : EDITED BY H. SNOWDEN WARD, F.R.P.S. : : : THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE SERIES WAS ISSUED IN 1895

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Explanation and Acknowledgment.

By H. SNOWDEN WARD.

THE pictures in this book are not in any cases copies of paintings or drawings. They are original studies, made by photographers. Readers sometimes say—"Why! this does not look at all like a photograph; it looks like a copy of a picture"; when, if they were better informed, they should say "It *is* a picture," even though made by photography.

Every year since 1894 I have bespoken for pictorial photography, as represented in these pages, the same sort of critical interest that is given to other artistic methods when represented in the various books of reproduction. No one condemns a water-colour because it is different from an oil-painting, or treats etchings with intolerance because they have not colour. Similarly, one should consider photography as a means of artistic expression with limitations of its own, both strengths and weaknesses.

Readers are not expected to appreciate every picture reproduced, but they are asked to endeavour to understand them. Most of them are made with much care, by men and women who have given long years to the mastering of photography as a vehicle of expression, and they are selected after due consideration and comparison by one who has had exceptional chances of considering the world's output for over a quarter of a century. Readers are specially asked to study those prints which they do not appreciate at first sight. Try them on varying scales, by varying the distance; and with some of the heavy, dark subjects, look at them with the page in full sunlight, catching the light at various angles, until something is appreciated of the beautiful depth and richness of shadow which remains even after reproduction and printing.

An attempt is made to choose the pictures with wide catholicity; to represent many "schools" and tendencies; to give consideration to sound, "old-fashioned" work, as well as to new experiments. And very great care has been taken by reproducers, printers, critic and publishers, to reproduce texture-values and tone-values as far as possible.

Every photographic picture-maker is invited to submit his pictures, each year, for selection. First choice is now made about July 10–15, and final selection is complete by the end of July.

It is impossible to reproduce all the submitted pictures that are good enough: in fact, the most difficult part of the selector's task is in throwing out many subjects that he would much like to use. After quality, it is necessary to consider widely representative variety. Some of the pictures selected, but left out for want of space, are acknowledged at the end of "The Work of the Year." The thanks to those whose works are in this list are just as sincere as to those whose pictures are reproduced.

"Contents," with indices of titles and of authors' names, will be found amongst the advertisement pages.

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CATHERINE.

Original photogravure by J. Craig Annan.

Pictorial Photography in France.

By ROBERT DEMACHY.

ON comparing the stir made by the preparation and opening of the Photo Club Salon twelve years ago with the dull apathy accompanying the same events to-day it would appear at first sight that French photographers have lost all interest in pictorial photography. I remember quite well the unpacking of the picture cases at the Photo Club rooms; the crowding of the members of the committee round the still dusty frames; the comments and discussions—not to say quarrels—on the merit of such and such a picture or the tendencies of this or that school of photography; the eager waiting for the cases of pictures from England, America, and Germany: in fine, the general enthusiasm shown by the men who worked and also by those who did not.

To a superficial observer that was the golden age and this the twilight of pictorial photography. To a superficial observer, yes; to one who looks further inwards, decidedly no.

I am not trying to build up a paradox just for the amusement of juggling with words. It is quite true that pictorial photography is at a higher level, much better understood and more firmly supported, to-day than it was twelve years ago. It is dropping slowly, one by one, all the parasitical growths which were paralysing its own development. It was surrounded and upheld by many more photographers than nowadays, but most of those photographers were not pictorialists in the true sense of the word. They had no right to pose as champions of art, but they found it profitable for their reputations to do so. Look back, and you will acknowledge that the froth and swirl around the salons were mainly caused by the agitation of such useless organisms. Their absence may convince careless observers that the deity has lost her priests—she has only lost her dancing dervishes.

The truth is that pictorial photography twelve years ago was considered to be the lawful and easy apannage of every photographer who simply expressed the desire to become pictorial. It was more a matter of words than of results. Moreover, the smallest novelty in lighting, the least trace of the unusual in composition, or the slightest departure from conventional fashion in framing, gave a man the immediate reputation of an innovator and artist, and brought around him a crowd of admirers and slavish imitators. In fact, pictorial photography was at its height of easy popularity because the title of "pictorial photographer" could be bought by anybody at a very low price. Since then the price has risen, and the buyers are scarcer—because the price includes such items as brain-work, research, study of art, patience, and disappointment. There is less noise around pictorialism, yet there is sounder work, for hard workers are mostly silent workers. They have no time to quarrel or to blow the trumpet. So if there is more silence in the little cosmos of pictorialism it does not mean that it is dead. Such a

small cosmos, after all—with so many more planets than stars—that even if its system were violently disturbed, the adjoining world would not feel the shock.

We have very few professional pictorialists in France. I mean that nearly all the men who study pictorial photography in the proper spirit, and with due respect for its possibilities, are men whose business or social exigencies take them away from their work—mentally and physically. They are, properly speaking, amateurs, with no time for perfecting themselves in the special technique of artistic printing processes, even if their mental artistic training happens to be sufficient—and it is rarely so. You can imagine what the French salons of painting would look like if the canvases exhibited at the Grand Palais had all been painted—spasmodically, in their leisure hours—by hard-working clerks or stockbrokers, or, worse still, by assiduous members of fashionable clubs. I know that it is the fashion nowadays in a certain revolutionary school of extremely new art to rave about the freshness, the personality, and the lack of conventionalism of paintings and drawings executed by men who know neither how to paint nor to draw. There was a joyous custom-house officer over here a short time ago who spent his day off in covering clean canvas with hideous paint. He has found a number of fervent admirers. There certainly was a marked personality about his productions, but it was the sort of personality one would find in an *omelette soufflée* made by a two-year-old baby. I believe this state of things is about the same all the world over, and that the English school also suffers from the scarcity of the professional pictorial photographer. And by "professional" I, of course, mean the man whose life is devoted to his particular work—not the one whose only aim is to live by it.

The 1911 Paris Salon reflects this situation, inasmuch as it brings together but few of the exceptional cases just mentioned. For instance, amongst business professionals Madame Beinberg may be justly counted as a favourable example. Her work is fresh and enthusiastic, and she shows an innate sense of balance in her compositions. Amongst amateurs we find no hitherto unknown talent—at least, not sufficiently striking talent to warrant a special notice. Several exhibitors who follow the practical lectures on the oil process at the private studio of one of the lady members of the Photo Club, Mlle. Massion (see p. 22)—where the technique of transfer work is also taught,—have shown, for the first time, several transferred prints. Mlle. Massion's large ones, 30 by 40 cent., have justly attracted general attention. I may also mention those of Mme. Huguet—and Messrs. Rousseau, Bellesalle, and Billard, from the same source. And we may expect good work in that quarter from M. de Montgermont, Major Puyo, and M. L'Hermitte (p. 20)—the son of the well-known painter,—who have bought copperplate presses, but have not had time to use them yet. This last gentleman may be placed amongst the rising men in oils. He was but a beginner last year, but he has shown some excellent things this season. His touch is broad and his technique excellent.

The printing processes, as represented at the French Photo Club Salon, show a notable increase in the use of the oil process—no bromoils

except on the English panel. Carbon is dying out, and Platinotype is scarce. The seven or eight transfers from oils on the walls marked the novelty of the year. I have a personal and, so to speak, fatherly interest in this corollary to the oil process, and it was not without some qualms that I watched the passing of the transfer pictures before our salon jury, composed of painters, engravers, and draughtsmen. But my fears, I am glad to say, proved to be without foundation. These gentlemen showed themselves more than favourable. Their criticisms were directed towards minor defects in values or concentration; but they were unanimous in their approval of the quality of the image, which they found very much superior to that given by oils, and they expressed their hopes that they should see more of that kind of work the next year. One needs such encouragement when there has been hard work done and harder to expect.

Since the closing of the salon I have been shown, by the inventor of the process, a series of interesting oil prints, the pigment of which had lost the shiny, greasy aspect peculiar to oils and bromoils. Its velvety surface reminded one of the Artigue papers—the first carbon papers made that could be developed from the front without transfer. The inventor keeps his process secret. All that I know is that an oil print on double transfer paper, inked with an unknown mixture of ink and varnish, is subjected after inking to the action of ether, which dissolves all the greasy matter and leaves the carbon of the pigment intact. How this last is kept on the paper without following the oil with which it has been mixed, I do not know; but the results seem to prove that it happens so. Anyhow, the pictures I have seen show most pleasing qualities. The gelatine support is always there, of course, and it cannot lose its peculiar smooth aspect; but the pigmented parts are quite superior to those of an ordinary oil print.

Photography in South Africa.

By GEORGE E. WHITING.

I REGRET that in the early part of the past year the *South African Journal of Photography* ceased to be published, owing to the fact that the proprietors could not see their way to perpetuate indefinitely a proposition which had always continued as a financial loss. Having been only responsible for the literary portion of the publication, I cannot say definitely wherein the weak link of its business methods lay, or whether, from local factors, its business failure was a foregone conclusion. Its non-existence of late months has had at least one effect upon South African photographers—excluding the various photographic centres from that mutual knowledge of each other's doings which must ever be a great advantage. Although the home papers are always popular in the Colonies, they can never fill the entire need of the colonial worker, and perhaps ere another year passes away we may

again be possessed of a local magazine worthy of the term "Photographic."

During the year two new societies have been formed, the last addition being at Bloemfontein. On all hands a fair amount of activity has obtained; and although most of the societies have contented themselves with an annual open exhibition, with, in some cases, a "House Exhibit" at the society's annual meeting, Capetown has moved more vigorously by inaugurating an exhibition every month, invitations to fill the pictorial programme being sent to the various distant societies, interspersed with an occasional one-man show by some of the older workers, mostly selected from the local ranks. This is a move in the right direction, and we hope the half-dozen societies and the somewhat small body of pictorial workers in South Africa will be able to keep the scheme alive. Capetown should, however, bear in mind that all favours demand not only thanks, but some return in kind.

The "Johannesburg Photographic Art Circle," with its roll of six members, still lives a healthy life, and has recently held its second annual exhibition with marked success. Although the selecting committee only hung framed and approved works, the gallery was well filled, and the pictorial standard of its first exhibition easily surpassed.

Although this Society has only been in existence two years, its success in achieving its aim leads me to believe that isolated groups of pictorial workers in many parts of this country would do well to consider its methods. It comprises only workers of pictorial intent, and is no place for the beginner who merely desires to know whether his plates are under- or over-exposed. It meets once a month in the studio of one of its members, each man bringing with him proofs of his latest work. Mutual aid and criticism is the keynote. There are no entrance or other fees, the small expenses incurred in the annual exhibition being borne *pro rata* by all members. There are no entrance fees or awards connected with its exhibitions. The aims of other localities would be governed by circumstances, but the simplicity of the scheme might be worthy of consideration in districts where photographers are few, and the ordinary society routine is not desired.

A PORTRAIT.
From an Autochrome transparency by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

The Work of the Year.

By H. SNOWDEN WARD.

THE most important exhibition in the year under review was, undoubtedly, the International Exhibition at the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, N.Y., a show planned by the late Dr. Kurtz, and magnificently carried out by the Photo-Secession. The actual hanging and arrangement were in the hands of Messrs. Paul B. Haviland, Alfred Stieglitz, Max Weber, and Clarence H. White. Mr. Stieglitz took the general management, and contributed a considerable portion of the exhibits from his own unique collection,—a fact which should be recorded, though Mr. Stieglitz himself was careful not to have it mentioned in the catalogue. Mr. Weber was largely responsible for the blending of the exhibits into the general scheme of architecture and decoration of the magnificent galleries in which they were hung, and I believe that no exhibition in the world's history has been so perfectly arranged.

In many ways the show was unique. In some respects it is almost incapable of being repeated, though there will doubtless be adequate exhibitions of pictorial photography in the future. There was no competitive element, but the bulk of the exhibits were secured by invitation from the artists or by borrowing from the owners—in cases where important works were in private collections. The open section was relatively unimportant—probably because of a common idea that outsiders were not wanted. There must always be differences of opinion in such cases, and my own impression is that the invitation section might have been materially strengthened (I mean "strengthened," not "diluted") by including at least a dozen or twenty more people from all the world. Natheless, one must confess, frankly, that whatever may be said about the omissions, the admissions were unimpeachable; never has photography been represented by a collection combining so many works with such a high standard.

The Few chosen, at Buffalo.

The names of those selected by Alfred Stieglitz, the best-qualified expert alive, should be placed on permanent record, so here is the analysis :—Number of works in the exhibition, about six hundred (the catalogue is not exactly correct); exhibitors in the invitation section, thirty-seven; in the open section, twenty-eight. In the invitation section were some four hundred and ninety pictures, an average of just over thirteen frames per exhibitor, while the open section had a hundred and twelve, averaging just four subjects per worker.

The open section names were :—*Britain:* The late D. O. Hill (40), J. Craig Annan (26), Malcolm Arbuthnot (7), Walter Benington (7), Archibald Cochrane (7), George Davison (12), Frederick H. Evans (11), J. Dudley Johnston (5), Frank H. Read (8). *France:* Robert Demachy (21), Céline Laguarde (1), René Le Bègue (7), C. Puyo (8). *Austria-Hungary:* The late Hugo Henneberg (5), Heinrich Kühn (19), the late Hans Watzek (1), Th. and O. Hofmeister (1), Baron A. de

Meyer (25). *America:* Annie W. Brigman (16), John G. Bullock (3), Alice Boughton (6), Rose Clark (2), Alvin Langdon Coburn (26), F. Holland Day (9), W. B. Dyer (4), Frank Eugene (28), Gertrude Käsebier (22), Joseph T. Keiley (22), Frederick H. Pratt (4), Harry C. Rubincam (1), George H. Seeley (22), Ema Spencer (5), Katharine S. Stanbery (1), Eduard J. Steichen (31), Alfred Stieglitz (29), Edmund Stirling (1), Clarence H. White (34).

In the open section all the exhibitors were Americans with the exception of Sidney Carter, Toronto (2), Pierre Dubreuil, Paris (6), and J. P. Hodgins, Toronto (1). The others were :—Charlotte S. Albright (3), Paul L. Anderson (6), Charles T. Archer (1), Laura Armer (1), Jeanne E. Bennett (7), Elizabeth Bührmann (3), Mrs. Charles Byron Bostwick (4), Robert Bruce (2), Francis Bruguière (4), J. Mitchell Elliot (1), Arnold Genthe (8), Paul B. Haviland (7), R. S. Kaufmann (1), Marshall R. Kernochan (1), Luella Kimball (2), Wm. J. Mullins (12), W. and J. Parrish (3), W. B. Post (3), Karl F. Struss (15), Augustus Thibaudeau (8), Charles Van Dervelde (4), Amy Whittemore (2), Myra Wiggins (3), Eleanor W. Willard (2), and F. C. Baker (3).

The Effect on the Public.

This Albright exhibition was the first in history at which the popularity of a first-rank photographic show could be fairly compared with that of some of the most attractive exhibitions of paintings. It beat the records of all the Albright shows—even the enormously attractive Sorolla exhibition—with between fifteen and sixteen thousand admissions. On pay-days three times as many people passed the turnstiles as at the most popular show of paintings: all of which is evidence that *pictorial* photography can attract, if the exhibition is good enough.

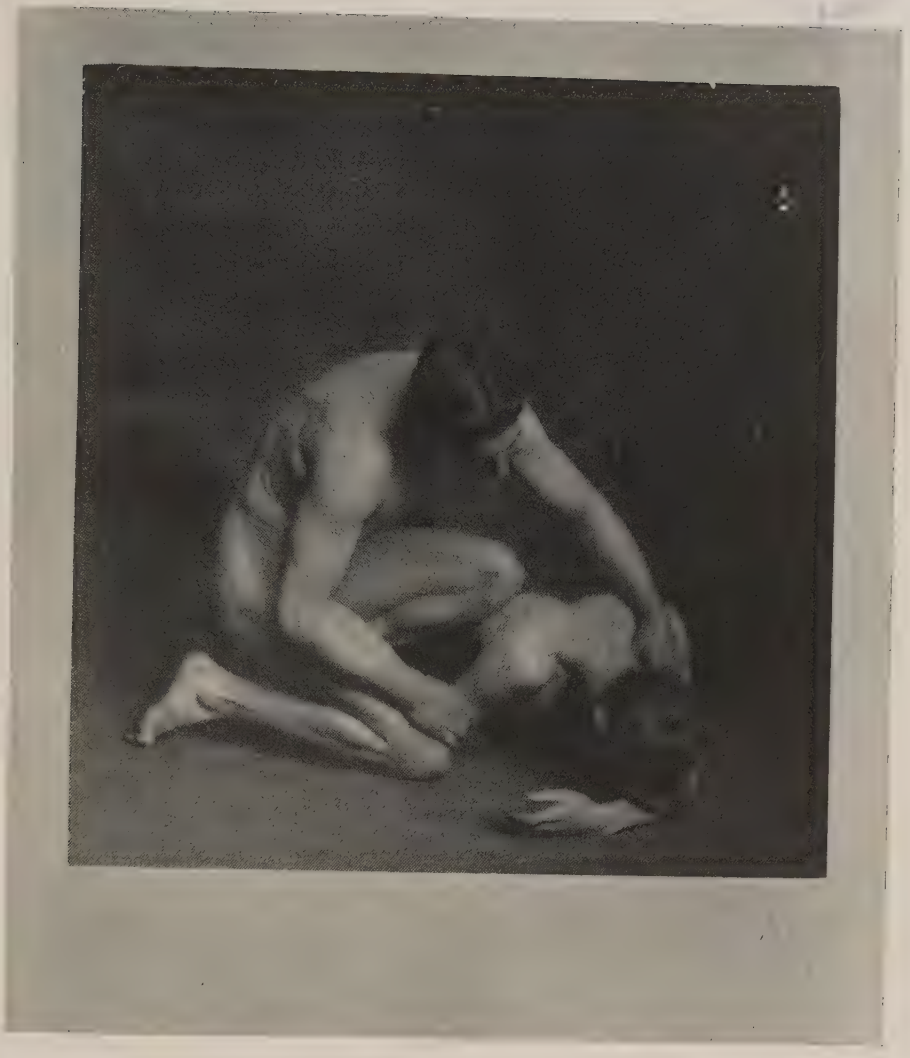
Sales at Exhibitions.

Though the power of the purse is not an ultimate test of merit in art, the sales at an exhibition do tell something of the appeal made by the exhibits, and here again the Albright show made a record. Of two hundred and fifty pictures that were on sale just over a quarter were sold ; and for these sixty-five photograms no less than $1500 (over £300) were paid by collectors. Compared with sums paid for great paintings, these prices are absurdly small, but compared with the so-much-a-dozen (or so-little-a-dozen) rates of a few years ago, they are most encouraging.

Photographic Pictures for Connoisseurs and Collectors.

The collecting of worth-while photographic pictures should be encouraged in every way possible, and, as I have urged more than once in these pages, the time is quite ripe for the capable connoisseur to begin the collecting of photographic masterpieces with an assurance of much lasting and growing pleasure from the hobby, and with good prospect that even financially the investment will be good.

Certain people should be represented in every collection that



SYMPATHY. BY B. B. MEWBURN.

THE DANCER. BY HUGO ERFURTH.

TEMPEST RIVEN. BY JOHN M. WHITEHEAD

IN THE FIELDS.

BY LEONARD MISONNÉ.

A CAT STUDY. BY CHARLES F. HAYWARD.

THE FAIRY GIRL. BY MARCUS ADAMS.

THE SUNSHINE BOY. BY MARCUS ADAMS.

LA VILLE CLOSE. BY CHARLES L'HERMITTE.

LA HOULE. BY HERBERT BAIRSTOW.

THE READER. BY MLLE. A. MASSION.

THE CANAL. BY H. MILLS.

CHARTRES. BY FREDERICK H. EVANS.

attempts to cover photography. To mention only those who are dead, we have D. O. Hill, Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, H. P. Robinson, O. G. Rejlander, and Horsley Hinton. Good works by all these have been obtainable within the past few years at quite reasonable prices, but most of them are becoming difficult or impossible to obtain, and each year will make the difficulty greater. Another half-dozen deceased masters might be mentioned, of whose work an example would be very desirable in a collection, and there are ten or a dozen men, still living, but virtually retired, who should be represented while there is yet time to secure their work.

The current exhibitions (as I showed last year in reference to Harold Holcroft's splendid historical collection) offer pleasant excitements to the judicious buyer, even though there are not the great prizes and sensations that may be found in the painters' exhibitions. One advantage for the collector of photograms is that an approved duplicate is just as good as the original exhibition print, so that more than one collector may secure the same picture.

Art Galleries as Purchasers.

The Albright Galleries deserve our thanks for setting a splendid example to collectors. While other galleries of international repute have admitted one or two photographic pictures, the Albright is the first to set them on a par with etchings, wood-engravings, etc., by making the nucleus of a collection that is intended to be representative, and by giving it permanent display in a special room. The beginning was made by buying twelve of the exhibits at the recent show—under the advice of Mr. Stieglitz—and by accepting a few prints that were given, including half a dozen made by Alvin Langdon Coburn from the original paper negatives of the late D. O. Hill. Amongst the purchases were examples by J. Craig Annan (*Lombardy Ploughing Team*), the Baron de Meyer (*The Dresden China Fan*), Alvin Langdon Coburn (*Cadiz*), Frank Eugene (*Arthur and Guinevre*), Gertrude Käsebier (*The Manger*), Joseph T. Keiley (*A Garden of Dreams*), George H. Seeley (*The Painter*), Eduard J. Steichen (*Moonlight Impression, Versailles*), Alfred Stieglitz (*The Street, Fifth Avenue*), and Clarence H. White (*The Chiffonier*).

The Lessons of the Albright.

An exhibition on such strong, dignified lines is bound to have a lasting influence. It is valuable as marking an important point in the progress of photography as a creative art-medium. It is valuable as giving the practical answer of one of the world's greatest modern galleries of art to those who still dismiss pictorial photography as unworthy of serious attention. But its most valuable result ought to be its direct influence upon photographers, giving them a greater sense of the dignity, power, and possibilities of their art-craft, and determining them to strain every nerve to shoulder the responsibilities that arise from public recognition, and to show themselves worthy craftsmen of no mean craft.

cannot well be mentioned without some reference to politics, for it is a militant body and sets its policy before the world in the preface to its catalogue, and in a "historical note" issued with the invitation cards, as follows :—

"In the year 1892 a number of photographers, intent upon realising the best possibilities of their medium, formed the society called the Linked Ring, and held a Photographic Salon annually for seventeen years.

"To these exhibitions, and similar successful organisations and workers in America, France, and Germany, must be mainly attributed the present extensive use of photography in the production of interesting and original pictures.

"Recently it became apparent that a considerable section of this society, in its desire to make the salons what it termed 'widely representative,' was in reality championing the mediocre and commonplace.

"Consequently the London Secession has been organised with the object of holding periodical displays of only the most original, interesting, and progressive work available.

"In this, the first exhibition, it is hoped that a measure of the organisers' aims has been achieved."

Frankly, I regret that it should have seemed necessary to charge the late comrades of the Secessionists with "championing the mediocre and the commonplace." I do not think it is strictly true, and I do not think it is helpful to either the Secession exhibition, the Salon exhibition, the cause of good fellowship, or the cause of good pictorial photography. It is just as objectionable as some of the things which have been published in derogation of the Secessionists themselves, with the important further fault that it is issued officially, in the catalogue, and not merely as a piece of newspaper polemics by a journalistic supporter of one side or the other.

Photography still needs all the uplift that is possible, and each exhibition authority should support its own principles, but it is surely not necessary or desirable to question in public the sincerity of other exhibition managers.

THE SECESSION EXHIBITION.

On the constructive side one can have nothing but praise for the work of the London Secession. Its first exhibition, of fifty-two prints—three from each member, three from each of seven invited exhibitors, and a "poster" by Frank H. Read—was very interesting, very impressive, and no doubt very useful. The members of the Secession are :—J. Craig Annan, Malcolm Arbuthnot (hon. sec.), Walter Benington, Eustace Calland, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Archibald Cochrane, George Davison, J. Dudley Johnston, the Baron A. de Meyer, and Frank H. Read; and their invited exhibitors were :—Annie W. Brigman, Frank Eugene, Gertrude Käsebier, Heinrich Kühn, Eduard J. Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Clarence H. White.

It goes without saying that from such a list of supporters a worthy show forthcame. A fairly representative selection, fairly well reproduced (some of them are most difficult originals), will be found on pages 35–43, 45, 46, and 154.

The exhibition was in a well-lighted small gallery in Newman Street, Oxford Street ; the pictures were all mounted and framed uniformly, and were hung in one level line around the four walls, which they filled exactly. The arrangement had a good first effect of simplicity and reserve. It carried out the admirable intention that none should be greater or less than another, and was well worth doing once ; but it is not worth repeating. Viewed merely as room-decoration it was sombre, monotonous—uninspired and uninspiring. From the point of view of the individual pictures it left something to be desired, for, after all, the pictures were intended as items of wall furniture, and their finishing should include individuality in mounting and framing.

Photographic Posters.

Of the exhibits themselves something will be said when the reproductions are dealt with. Here one may refer to the effective poster by Frank H. Read, and, incidentally, to photographic posters generally. Though a few striking advertisements of general commodities have been based on photographic designs, photographic firms and associations have made but little use of anything ostensibly photographic. "The Kodak Girl"—one of the most attractive photo-material posters—was based on a photographic original, but it has been so colour-glorified by the chromolithographer that one would not suspect its derivation from the camera. Much the same may be said of "The Ensignette Girl," who has recently done so much to brighten our "tube" stations and hoardings. The exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society and the Trade Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, both had posters distinctly more attractive than they have had before, but both were innocent of the camera's help in their production. Mr. Read's Secession poster, stencilled in four colours, on brown-grey boards, had all the good qualities of an efficient placard, and if it was not actually of photographic origin, it might have been. The dark silhouette of a Landseer lion against the background of the grey National Gallery and a white sky, made a strong, compelling piece of decoration, and the Gallery gave an obvious suggestion of pictures. It was so well done as to warrant the hope that Mr. Read will go further in the "Poster" direction and that others may take up this almost entirely neglected photographic field.

The "Royal" Exhibition,

removed to the Spring by force of circumstances and to the Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge, by a combination of circumstances with the ambition of the Council, was a splendid effort of organisation, apparently insufficiently supported by exhibitors and by the public, with the result that we are told of a very substantial loss. When success crowns the effort there are always many to praise, but the fine,

unselfish work of Dr. Mees, James A. Sinclair, Furley Lewis, and one or two others who supported Mr. M'Intosh, the secretary, is worthy of all praise, even though the balance did not come out on the right side. The "trade" section was attractive, varied, and instructive, the lectures were well selected, and the combination of artistic with technical and scientific work made a show appealing to many tastes.

One experiment tried this year will probably not be repeated. In answer to oft-tendered advice from the outside, a section was provided for technical photography as distinct from pictorial and scientific. It fully justified those who have long opposed such a section, for it produced nothing of interest—except where such interest was pictorial.

Exhibitions of the Future.

The variety of opinions as to the need for and the usefulness of different classes of shows has led to much discussion of late, and, as we have seen, the Secession has felt it necessary to protest officially against the alleged low aims of the Salon. The rival contentions seem to be :—

(*a*) That general exhibitions are played out ; that they show much work below the highest possible level, and therefore foster mediocrity by showing (with the selectors' imprimatur) work at which no one ought to aim.

(*b*) That frequent general exhibitions are desirable, in order that aspirants may submit their work to the selectors, and if it is accepted, may compare it with the efforts of others, hung under similar conditions.

(*c*) That open exhibitions are desirable, but that they should only consist of the "best best," and that therefore they can only be held once in three or five years, because the artistic output of a single year is insufficient.

(*d*) That the only useful shows are of the one-man, two-man (or in the case of the London Secession) seventeen-man class, to which only the best works of the best workers are invited ; with occasional epoch-marking retrospective exhibitions such as the one recently held in the Albright galleries.

To an outsider, seeing a good deal of the game, it appears that no one class of exhibitions answers all the purposes. The show of the Albright class is immensely important when it can be arranged ; and probably the most useful single exhibition that could possibly be conceived would be one generally on Mr. Stieglitz's lines, relaxed sufficiently to represent twice as many workers, and held in succeeding years in the four or five most interested countries. This would answer the propagandist purpose of impressing the public and appealing to the directors of art galleries and the connoisseurs.

The one-or-more-man shows are undoubtedly very useful, though there is no guarantee that they shall only be held by men whose work is truly estimable. The most incompetent of artists can hold a one-man show if he has money enough. The Secession seventeen-man exhibition is welcome, and should grow in interest from year to year, especially if it can secure the co-operation of a few other notable workers.

MOTHER AND CHILD.
BY JOHN MOFFAT.

The "open" exhibition seems very necessary, also ; in fact, if it is to be a question of selecting one form of show for survival, one would be compelled to vote for something of the Royal or Salon class. Whether both are necessary is a question. Probably the ideal arrangement would be one in which all pictorial aspirants were members of the Royal Photographic Society and were entrusted with the management of the pictorial section of its exhibition. The place of honour would naturally be filled by an invitation section, providing room for the Secessionists and for a few others, while the selected section would be pretty much on the lines of a Royal-cum-Salon, but with more drastic selecting. Such an exhibition would be important enough to attract the public and the connoisseurs ; it would distinguish between the admitted leaders and the promising on-comers, and it would encourage the aspirants. It may be that this is attainable only in the millennium.

Meanwhile, in England we have three exhibitions, all more or less exclusive of the others' supporters. None is a complete show ; not one can put photography adequately before the discriminating public. Our house is divided against itself. However difficult it may be to make a convincing show once a year under the best of circumstances, it is obviously more so if seventeen men bar all others from the Secession, while they withhold their own work from Royal and Salon, and if others who are not included in the Secession pledge themselves to one-man and two-man shows. We need co-operation as full as possible. If the Salon was not strong enough while the Secessionists remained in the Linked Ring, it is obviously weaker when such dominant personalities are withdrawn. They are needed—as some of the Salonists and Royalists are needed—in any show that is to be fully representative. I would gladly see them return to the fold from which they seceded in 1892 or to that which they left in 1909–10 ; but if we must still have division for a while, the duty of those who wish to see pictorial photography grow naturally and establish itself on a broad basis, is to support the open exhibitions with their best work and their best influence.

The Status of Photography.

The status of photography and the dignity of the profession, about which there is still some controversy, are gradually being recognised as subjects for demonstration rather than for assertion. Each year a larger section of the public realises that the photographer works his plates and papers as Opie mixed his paints—"with brains"; and each year, though price-cutting continues, if it does not increase in the lower grades, the rewards obtainable for truly original, creative work increase enormously. At times one is tempted to despair because public appreciation and public understanding grow so slowly ; yet even the illustrated magazines and journals show that there is a search for work of real merit. Coburn is a well-known case. When living in New York he received magazine commissions for small numbers of portraits and views of distinguished men and places, which made it worth his while to visit Europe on a long tour. And now, living in London, he receives commissions which have kept him busy

for months in New York, Boston, and other American cities as far as San Francisco. Yet "anybody can photograph" the buildings and city parks and other subjects which he is sent to treat; what the editors pay for is the individual outlook and insight.

Hoppé is another case. A young professional—recently an amateur—secures travelling commissions from the illustrated papers, with fees that many a professional of the older type might well envy. B. Ward-Thompson comes to London after working up a fresh batch of his "mountains and moorlands," and quickly disposes of a score of subjects at fees which make a very respectable total. Henry Irving devotes himself entirely to botanical work (as Henry Troth has done, to a large extent, in America); Frederick H. Evans can fill the whole of his summers profitably amongst English cathedrals and French chateaux; the Cadbys, Ward Muir, Percy G. R. Wright, Cavendish Morton, F. J. Mortimer, A. H. Blake, Furley Lewis, W. Thomas, and many others, supply numbers of illustrations to books and magazines, largely because of the pictorial interest of their work. This use of photo-pictorial originals is educating a wide public to some of the possibilities of photography and decreasing the number of people capable of saying: "Why! this doesn't look like a photograph; it looks more like a picture."

This side of the "uplift" work has been largely the province of the "amateur," though Malcolm Arbuthnot and a few of his friends claim that there is need, nowadays, for a section of professional pictorialists. The pure professional, who is daily taking his art more seriously, has done much, even during the past year, to elevate the status of the profession, both in his corporate capacity, by the conference and exhibition and other efforts of the Professional Photographers' Associations in Britain and America, and by his individual efforts, following on the lines of H. P. Robinson, Frederick Hollyer, Harold Baker, Annan, Crooke, and many another. It was well said by one of the speakers at the P.P.A. dinner, that to make a reputation for dignity one must be dignified, to obtain respect one must be respectable, and if photography is to be a profession photographers must act professionally. This is being realised year by year, and one of its evidences is in the modern methods of advertisement. For example: when R. C. Velicogna, one of the newest recruits in the professional ranks, holds his one-man exhibition in the Doré Galleries, under the patronage of H.E. Count Albert-Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and induces the Princess Karadja and the Countess Eleanor Murphy to preside as hostesses at his Private View.

Some Autochromes.

Miss Helen M. Murdoch, who left her studio in Boston for an autochromic tour through Europe and a summer of work in London, is another instance of the most modern professional spirit. Specialising on colour work, and particularly on high-speed work, she opened a little studio-exhibition in Wigmore Street, where people who were attracted by her snapshots and landscapes in colour, stayed to have colour-portraits made of themselves.

In autochromy the year has found at least one enthusiastic convert, Mr. A. E. Morton (page 133), who attributes his interest in the subject entirely to the few colour-pictures reproduced in our last volume. He says that the prints made him decide to try autochromy, and the quotation from Longfellow, on page 31, gave him his first subject, for he determined to illustrate—

"some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go."

Very well did he body forth the spirit of the lines in a scene of water and woodland which, unfortunately, has detail too fine and crisp to reproduce satisfactorily by three-colour half-tone. Having dabbled in colour, Mr. Morton became fascinated. He has given up his monochrome work, and his colour-subjects have been so much appreciated that his views of the summer glory of the flower-gardens will illustrate the Christmas numbers of certain papers devoted to horticulture.

Curiously enough, the same lines which attracted Mr. Morton set the task for one of our Australian readers, Mr. R. Fraser, who sends *Shadows Dark and Sunlight Sheen* as his principal picture of the year.

The colour section at the "Royal" was very disappointing, and it really is surprising that so few pictorialists have devoted themselves to such a fascinating branch of the craft. But if the pure pictorialists have neglected it, those who are interested from the technical point of view are mastering some of the problems and realising that daintiness and rich harmony are better than mere glare. Anyone who has not seen a collection of colour-work since the early days will be surprised and delighted by a visit to the showrooms, where collections of Autochromes and of Dioptichromes are displayed by the makers of the respective plates.

Delicacy versus Brilliance in Colour-work.

In the early essays, revolting from the monotony of black and white, and with no special colour-training, it was natural that photographers and the general public alike should revel in the garish brilliance of crude, harsh colouring. Such a scheme as the study from "The Blue Bird," which formed our frontispiece last year (and which was much more delicate in the original than in the reproduction), was a great step ; and this year's *Shepherd and Flock* (p. 121) shows good promise indeed. It has proved most difficult to reproduce in three-colour, but even in this version, which has lost some of the soft coolness of the original, there is quality far removed from the strident insistence of some of the still-life views of fruits and pickles, which themselves seemed very wonderful only a few years ago

We have yet far to go before photographers can claim any general recognition as masters of the mysteries of colour, but it has been amply shown that the present limitations belong to the workers rather than to their materials.

A comparison of the fine portrait by Elliot & Fry (p. 13) with the "Blue Bird" by the same people last year (frontispiece) is instructive in spite of the loss in reproduction in both cases. In the same way, if one compares a series by Elliott & Fry, or by B. J. Falk, with (say) a series by Rudolph Dührkoop, the scope for expression of individuality becomes very plainly apparent. In spite of the difficulties in retouching or "faking," the screen-plate colour methods have a large share of pliability, and great things are possible with them, even to-day, in the hands of a master.

Compare, again, the rich seriousness of the portrait on page 13 with the gay abandon of brilliant colour in that on page 51. To a certain extent these are typical of the two processes which they represent, for the Autochrome has been described as tending toward oil-painting effects, while the Dioptichrome simulates water-colour. Like many other generalisations, this needs some qualification, for Dioptichromes can render rich deep colour-schemes, while Autochromes, properly handled, can be as bright and vivacious as one need wish.

The village scene, *Eynsford, Kent* (page 133), with its ancient bridge over the peaceful little Darenth, is interesting as being the work of quite a new beginner in colour-photography. Mr. Morton tells us that he selected the scene particularly and submitted it to us in the hope that it might carry some savour of the old homeland to those readers in the Dominions over-seas who remember some loved village home in England, where the farm-horses tramped over the old bridge or plashed through the shallow ford as the waggons rolled homeward at night, partly freighted with laughing, care-free youngsters just let loose from school. In his letters Mr. Morton mentions other memories that he hopes his picture will recall ; it is not necessary to give them *in extenso*, for the print itself will do its duty.

Women in Photography.

The increasing influence of women in pictorial photography has been plain to anyone who followed the exhibitions carefully, or studied the issues of this publication during the past few years. In the Albright exhibition, while Mr. Stieglitz only chose one woman amongst eighteen European exhibitors, there were six out of nineteen invited Americans, and ten (counting the sisters Parrish as one) out of twenty-eight exhibitors in the open section.

The work of the Women's Federation of the Professional Photographers' Association of America, under the presidency of Gertrude Käsebier last year and of Mary Carnell in 1911, has shown the strength of the feminist movement in American photography. It is stated that sixteen hundred women in the United States are working for incomes as proprietors of studios ; and what is more important is the testimony of the men who lead in the P.P.A. of A. that the prices secured by the women are better, on the average, than those obtained by men. Most important of all is the fact that the women have had a very large share in breaking down for ever the old traditions of professional posing and lighting and in introducing freedom, variety, and individuality into professional portraiture.

THE BARNYARD. BY FRANK READ.

THE CITY OF AMBITIONS. BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK. BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

HARLECH CASTLE. BY GEORGE DAVISON.

EDINBURGH. BY J. DUDLEY JOHNSTON.

THE RED MAN. BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER.

A STUDY FROM THE EAST. BY THE BARON DE MEYER.

THE CHILD AT THE WINDOW. BY WALTER BENINGTON.

MORNING BY ARCHIBALD COCHRANE.

UNDER 101.

BY C. H. L. EMANUEL.

NUDE IN THE WOODS. BY CLARENCE H. WHITE.

LULWORTH COVE. BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNO

A few Grumbles.

A responsibility attaches to the position of critic, and while one loves to say the pleasant thing, one must not cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace. When one considers the youth of the craft, the want of artistic training, the small time that most amateurs can give to the work, and certain other disadvantages, there is much reason to be proud of the achievements of pictorial photographers. But when, with a knowledge of the wonderful power placed in their hands, of the great possibilities of photography, one studies a great exhibition, one is saddened and disheartened by the paltriness, the futility, the absence of apparent aim or ambition, in most of the work.

In these pages I have often written in praise of the inventor or discoverer, the man who sees something that has hitherto been disregarded, or who sees and records a hackneyed theme in a new light. He is great ; but the extent of his greatness depends upon the height or the depth of his ambition.

Stages in Ambition.

Considered from the photographic point of view, the first step in ambition is taken when one first wishes to photograph something. The merest snapshooter is far ahead of the man who has no wish to photograph at all. The early growth of ambition is usually along technical lines—the wish for new power, more lenses, more rapid plates, larger sizes, and so forth. When photographing ceases to be an end in itself and becomes the means to an end, ambition grows. If the photographer aims at being a picture-maker, it grows through many stages, of which the five principal may be tabulated :—

1. *Imitation.*—To make photographs like those of some admired leader or school.

2. *Depiction.*—To photograph Nature in its outward semblance, regardless of schools and leaders, and of underlying meaning or character.

3. *Idealisation.*—To represent Nature ideally, as it appears to the poetic or artistic imagination : showing something of the soul or sentiment of the scene or person.

4. *Sense-gratification.*—To depict beauty—the beauty of form, curve, texture, light and shade, line and mass, irrespective of whether the object in which these beauties are found is in itself noble or ignoble. This includes the "decorative" school.

5. *Inspiration.*—To convey ideas and feelings, concrete or abstract, as, of gladness, power, harmony, mystery, glamour, etc. ; using the art, the objects depicted, and the sentiments (if any) with which they are associated, as means to the one end.

As a part of the criticism of pictures it is useful to consider the aim or ambition of the worker, separately from the consideration of how far that aim has been attained. It may start a discussion if I rashly rush in and assess the proportions of these different aims that may be thought to influence the principal exhibitions of the year. Such dissection can only be of the very roughest, but it may open a useful line of thought.

Percentages of Ambitions in certain Exhibitions.

Exhibition.	Ambition No.				
	1	2	3	4	5
Royal Photographic (technical) . .	3	80	5	12	...
Royal Photographic (pictorial) . .	30	30	25	12	3
Demachy One-man Show . . .	...	...	80	20	...
Albright Gallery, Buffalo . . .	10	5	40	35	10
London Secession	10	10	10	60	10
London Salon	20	10	30	25	15

Note that I do not give percentages of exhibitors or exhibits influenced by certain ambitions ; for every exhibitor and almost every exhibit is influenced by more than one. This may be brought out if we consider certain exhibitors separately, taking first portraitists, then those who use mainly landscape and architecture.

Percentages of Ambitions in certain Exhibitors.

Exhibitor.	Ambition No.				
	1	2	3	4	5
William Crooke	...	10	50	35	5
Rudolf Dührkoop	...	10	30	60	...
Gertrude Käsebier . . .	...	10	50	30	10
Pirie MacDonald	..	20	55	25	...
Annie W. Brigman	...	...	...	35	65
Alvin Langdon Coburn . . .	..	20	40	35	5
George Davison	...	...	50	25	25
F. Holland Day	...	...	...	40	60
The Baron de Meyer	...	...	25	75	...
Clarence H. White	...	...	20	45	35
John M. Whitehead	...	10	30	50	10

Note that the attempt is not to compare quantities of the various ambitions as between different workers, but only to assess the percentages of each ambition in each individual. For instance, while I put Miss Brigman and Mr. Holland Day at the head of the world's known workers in the possession of Ambition No. 5, I do not suggest that her share of this quality is greater than his, though she has 65 per cent. to his 60 per cent. I consider Day decidediy the greater in both

No. 4 and No. 5, but I think that No. 4 influences him more, proportionately, than it does Miss Brigman.

The Greater and the Lesser Ambitions.

As regards the values of the different aims, I take them to run in the order given, from the lowest at No. 1 to the highest at No. 5. Whether 4 or 5 is really the higher is a controversial point, and depends somewhat on definitions. The "art for art's sake" men will claim that No. 4 is the highest attainable. To me, No. 5, connecting beauty with the highest emotions, is higher still.

Considering these ambitions in terms of absolute quantity, No. 5 is by far the most rare, and is the one most needing to be sought, nurtured, and encouraged. Of the schools and parties, the Secessionists (in America and in Europe) possess the greatest amount of it; yet of the half-dozen strongest people in the world in this quality, only one is within the Secession ranks. The distinctive note of the Secession (or of Alfred Stieglitz) is and has been, almost from the first, its strong emphasis on the value of No. 4, and I fully believe that the Secession movement, great as it is, must fall short of its highest possible achievement until its leader or leaders can set a higher relative value upon No. 5 and seek it with a greater ardour.

Even if we admit this relative order of the ambitions, it does not follow that the man or the picture with the highest ambition will be the greatest success. There is a phase of truth underlying the sentiment that "'tis better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," and the man whose ideal is far beyond his power of realisation may miss his proper effect and achieve bathos where true pathos was intended. No. 1 is certainly a poor and low ambition, that cannot lead far in the right direction; No. 2 is desirable as a temporary aim, until considerable technical skill has been secured; and No. 3 is as far as the majority of photographers ought to go. But it is not far enough for photography as a creative art. To raise photography to a high position its lovers must have a strong infusion of Nos. 4 and 5.

Changes in Ambition

occur with the individual, and also with the pictures by the same worker. For instance, *The Last Stand*, by John M. Whitehead, which we reproduced several years ago, would have a formula something like 0—0—30—10—60, though I have taken Whitehead's total formula at 0—10—30—50—10. Frederick H. Evans, again, might have been represented some years ago as 0—10—40—30—20, while to-day I should write him as 0—20—30—40—10. This change has come largely from his decreasing study of portraiture and landscape, with an increasing amount of attention to architecture.

Unconscious and Conscious Aims.

Probably most men would have a difficulty in quickly assessing the relative amounts of the various aims influencing their own work; but

it may be useful to give a little time for figuring it out. Most of us just go ahead, without considering our motives, but a conscious ambition is more likely to attain success than one which is unconscious. And the aim must be governed by the nature of the work. The successful professional portrait photographer of the lower class needs a formula something like 0—60—30—10—0, and the professional of the most modern type may be about 0—20—40—40—0 in his general work, while that which he especially does for exhibition may be nearer 0—10—20—60—10.

Examples of the Conscious Aim.

Probably none of the contributors to our pages this year (not even Miss Brigman) (p. 154) is more consciously aiming at the inspirational than is Harry Wild (p. 61). It is well that we have this example as showing that ambition and achievement are not necessarily synonymous. Mr. Wild himself acknowledges freely that he is toilsomely feeling after something which is yet far beyond his reach. His thoughts and ideals go much further than his present power of expression in photography, though the power is growing all the time, and in some of its manifestations has been even more successful than in *The Castle of Tallages* (61). In this case, taking suggestion from *The High History of the Holy Grail*, the artist at once leaves factuality behind and plunges into the most romantic imaginings. His text is "A castle that is seated above the sea, upon a high rock, and it is called the Castle of Tallages." A castle of romance, in a land of romance; a place that may have its own atmosphere, that may be lighted by "the light that never was, on land or sea," the artist may ignore all questions of historical achronism and of architectural accuracy. The historian may tell us that the seekers of the Grail never existed, archæologists may prove that the "castles" of British times were mere earthen ditch-and-bank entrenchments, but these things amount to nothing in the realm of poetry. The artist's business is to show us the thing we imagine when we hear of a castle on a great rock above the sea. And, in connection with the story of the Grail, he is quite right in making it mysterious rather than factual, bathing it in strong light, yet cloaking its outlines in haze. Dignity, aloofness, and repose are proper characteristics of such a scene; and it is for each reader to feel for himself how far the artist has conveyed his message.

As to the technical means we need not be curious. It is no business of ours whether Mr. Wild found a real castle answering his requirements, whether his scene was realised by double-printing or other "faking," or whether he built castle, cliffs, and sea on a tea-tray and lighted them with magnesium ribbon. The picture is what he offers—and its appeal depends largely upon the mental equipment and attitude of the spectator.

A few Nudes.

Sympathy (1), by Bowyer B. Mewburn, is taken from a series of low-toned nude studies which prove that their author is working with a considerable measure of success to convey ideas of poetry and sentiment

SUNSHINE AND ROSES

From a Dioptichrome transparency by the courtesy of the Autotype Co

into his studies of the nude. In this particular respect he goes beyond J. Harold Liebreich (p. 94), who is about the most faithful and persistent student of the nude we have working in England at present. Comparing their attitude towards Ambition No. 4 (p. 48), Liebreich has the stronger feeling for contour and texture, while Mewburn thinks of outline and the placing of masses within his canvas. The mental attitude of the two men is typified on this occasion by the sexes of their sitters. Liebreich's touch is relatively feminine and tender; Mewburn's is masculine and stronger. *Sympathy* may well raise the question how far the aim of the author has been attained. With the title in mind, I think the success is undoubted, and that the choice of men for both models is justified. The poet says, "Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men," and if we can steer clear of bathos we touch a deeper chord when the sufferer and the comforter are men than when they are, say, a mother and a hurt child. Without the title I am not sure that the sentiment would be apparent immediately.

Real Progress with the Nude.

If we look back eight or ten years at the things which were offered as nude studies—naked, or utterly inept, or both—we can feel very great satisfaction when amongst the offerings that come to our one publication in one year are seven so good as those on pages 1, 45, 62, 63, 94, 111, and 154. There were some good things ten years ago—from Holland Day, von Gloeden, and others—and there is plenty of bad stuff now, but there has been good progress. Not one of our seven is quite futile, and four of them convey a good deal of poetic suggestion.

The handling of the sitters is frank and direct, and the sitters themselves are free from that self-consciousness which is the root of offence in many photographic nudes. The too-obviously arranged fig-leaf, the wisp of drapery, or the protecting hand, which says so plainly "I know that I am naked and ashamed and that someone is looking at me," are fortunately gone out of fashion. The difficulty with the offensive nude (even when no offence is intended) is that the nakedness proclaims itself before the beauty or the artistic intention can be seen. Success in this genre requires an absence of self-consciousness and of furtiveness on the part of the model, and a treatment that makes the sentiment of the picture, the strength or beauty of the arrangement, the dominant note.

Clarence H. White (45), Miss Kate Smith (63), and J. Harold Liebreich (94) have been mainly interested in securing beauty of form and arrangement; and to a large extent Miss Smith's *Cool Stream* may be referred to Ambition No. 3 as a piece of frank recording of bright, happy joy in life. Generally Miss Smith's studies have more definite poetic aim and more subtlety of treatment, but I selected this one as showing how a quite straightforwardly photographed girl in the open air may give a pleasing, attractive, well-balanced picture, without the slightest suggestion of prudery or of offence. The hypercritical may argue that this is not a "nude," but for all practical purposes it is. Without the draperies it would have been just as simple and as innocent.

Any of these subjects may be taken as an example of the triumph of handling over material, for a "study" is a failure if the question of the personality of the sitter is raised in the spectator's mind. In Clarence White's *Nude in the Woods* (45) there is no story, no sentiment; it has not even the factual interest of the familar "boys bathing." It is simply a piece of light-and-shade work, a masterly placing of the figure where it dominates the space and stands in sunshine. Liebreich's (94) attains its lesser success by quite different means, with no effort at decorative placing, but with an attempt to harmonise the pose, the expression, and the lighting of the sitter into a soft, low-toned scheme.

H. Y. Sümmons' *Melisande* (62) may well be compared with Annie W. Brigman's *Finis* (154) as two attempts to connote sentiment with tone treatment. In one, the flat, grey treatment suggests the flat, hopeless personal grief; in the other, the stronger tragic note, the wild tree-shape, the strong dark against light, and the position of utter abandonment, suggests the wreck of worlds, the end of all things.

From them one may turn to *The Dawn* (111), a truly inspirational bit of work, perfect in its simplicity, its spontaneity, its absolute harmony. It is a thing that can only be done once. When done, it is so obvious that we wonder why it was not attempted long ago. Just a sunny-haired child, welcoming the sunrise, gathering it in with both arms, and dropping a filmy veil as the sun dispels the morning mists. *Melisande* and *Finis* may quite properly have been the subjects of much study and arrangement. *The Dawn*, if it needed the same amount of study, does not suggest it. It seems spontaneous, a happy capture, rather than a piece of work.

The Element of Novelty.

It has been said, already, that much credit must be given to him who sees and records a new thing, or who treats an old theme freshly. Talking with Walter Benington a while back, I expressed a fear of over-emphasising the value of novelty, and was surprised at the emphatic way in which he insisted that novelty could not possibly be overvalued. From this point of view, the book contains nothing more truly noteworthy than Cazneaux' *Dawn*. Yet we are stronger in discovery and invention this year than we have been for a long time. And Harold Cazneaux scores two of the triumphs. At one stride he comes from the position of "a very good man indeed" to a rank amongst the dozen or score of pioneers from whom we may expect anything. Nothing in his previous record gave us reason to look for such strong stuff as he has sent this time. If he can maintain it, he takes class quite beyond any-one hitherto produced in the Dominions over-seas;—ahead of Sidney Carter and Mortimer Lamb. *The Razzle-Dazzle* (120) is enormously daring, enormously successful. Stieglitz in his days of best production, possibly Frank Eugene, and just possibly Coburn, might have "seen" this, and might have treated it. Not one of them would have treated it better; probably only Stieglitz would have handled it quite so well. The Baron de Meyer would have handled it excellently, if he had seen and appreciated it, but I do not think the subject would have appealed to him. Probably even when it is put before them it will not appeal to

some of my readers. Well, if they continue their study of pictorial photography, let them turn it up again in three or five years, remembering that it was quite new in 1911.

Landmarks of the Year.

Hugo Erfurth (2) and Pierre Dubreuil (123) are amongst the "discoverers" this year: both of them with really stunning things, and both with variety enough to make one regret the impossibility of giving more than the one page to each of them. Walter Benington (42) has somewhat the same pioneer spirit, and so, in a lesser degree, has Marcus Adams in his *Sunshine Boy* (19). It was most difficult to choose between two "dancers" sent by Hugo Erfurth. The other, a black figure against a light background, was so full of dash and diablerie as to be positively uncanny. It was a wonderful piece of whirl and verve, with outlines more pleasing than those on page 2. The chosen one, however, has the happier face-expression and better conveys the idea of an irresponsible dancer dashing through a wild *pas seul* just for joy and exercise. There is no suggestion of an audience or of any pose for effect, and in this, as in its companion, the capture of gay energy is worthy of all comment. A thing not to be imitated.

Pierre Dubreuil has a number of pictures that mark him as an original seer. Each is different from the rest, and I do not know that *La Grande Place, Brussels* (123), is better than the others. But, like *Elephantaisie*, last year (128), it is quite new. It has a strange fascination for anyone who knows the Place and who has watched the constantly fluctuating ebb and flow of life, now crowded, now almost a deserted square. Whether in the sunshine, when the flowers in the stalls blaze in light, or at night when the band-stand and the buildings are gaily illuminated, it is always full of interest, but probably it never presents a more photographable "pattern" of light and shade than just under the conditions caught by M. Dubreuil, when the sun is about at high noon, sending the shadow of the great tower right across the Place and of the Hotel de Ville half-way. The view-point from an upper window in one of the estaminets where one sips sirop, was probably found quite casually, but M. Dubreuil is to be congratulated on capturing it. It is the sort of thing that would fascinate some of the Japanese designers, that might have been seized by Arthur Marshall, or that might have been patiently worked out by Coburn. Not many other photographers would have been likely to see it.

Benington's *Child at the Window* (42) will probably rank with Arthur Marshall's *Under the Chestnuts* of a few years ago, as a puzzle for some and a scoff for the Philistines. Benington thinks a great deal of it; his fellows of the London Secession thought it worthy to hang in their very exclusive exhibition; and my own opinion is that it is one of the best things its author has shown us—and many of his works have been great in their different ways. It is difficult to dissect the appeal of this picture. Different people read it in different ways, but that is no fault. To me it suggests the child, on the threshold of the world's wonders and troubles, as seen from the child's own point of view. It is unafraid,

yet without confidence. It cannot walk ; it takes small views, and sees things as shapes and masses, without much meaning. It knows little ; it is far down ; it sees glimmering openings, and will first peer, then crawl through them, learning things by experiment and experience, bumping its head and burning its fingers, but ever learning, remembering, and gaining strength. It is still almost in the dark, but crawls toward the light, meanwhile looking around for a friendly word or a helping hand. It is not merely "a" child, but childhood, in a strange and not-too-friendly world, in the unguarded, unhelped, misunderstood time that is a part of all child-life, and is the whole of the lives of some children. This may not be what the picture tells to others—even to Benington, who made it.

Men who have Improved their Positions.

Last year there were few new men, and few material advances in the work of the older hands. This year there seems to be more progress. Dubreuil has been mentioned, and Cazneaux. Marcus Adams, who showed some very dainty, conventional work last year, but who moved one to enthuse over his promise rather than his achievement, has produced some of his less laboured and therefore more satisfying work this year. On the current year's form he is a strong man. The work is sufficiently varied to make it difficult to select anything as being distinctly typical, for at least eight or ten examples are equally good in their different ways. *The Fairy Girl* (18) has got far away from usual studio conventions, and delightfully suggests the grace, charm, and alertness of a pretty child that is evidently far more than a beautiful doll. The reduction of detail in hair and drapery to the merest suggestion, and the omission of all pattern from the background, serves well to isolate the interest of the profile and the childish curves. The same alertness as is shown by the girl is more strongly present in *The Sunshine Boy* (19), with his bold, quizzical, open-air face and his pose full of energy. It is a very great pleasure to see such good things coming from a man who was recently unknown. Herbert Bairstow's crop for the year (see 21) is very gratifying. For three or four years he has been distinctly below his old "form." Much of his work has seemed like uncertain experimenting with unfamiliar methods, but this year he shows mastery again, and strikes a confident note. The half-dozen gravure-like studies from which *La Houle* (21) is selected, have quiet, restful quality, good arrangement, harmony, and unity. In the example reproduced, the fish-wife gossips are fully in keeping with their surroundings ; the small but definite notes of the white caps give key to the rest, and concentrate the interest.

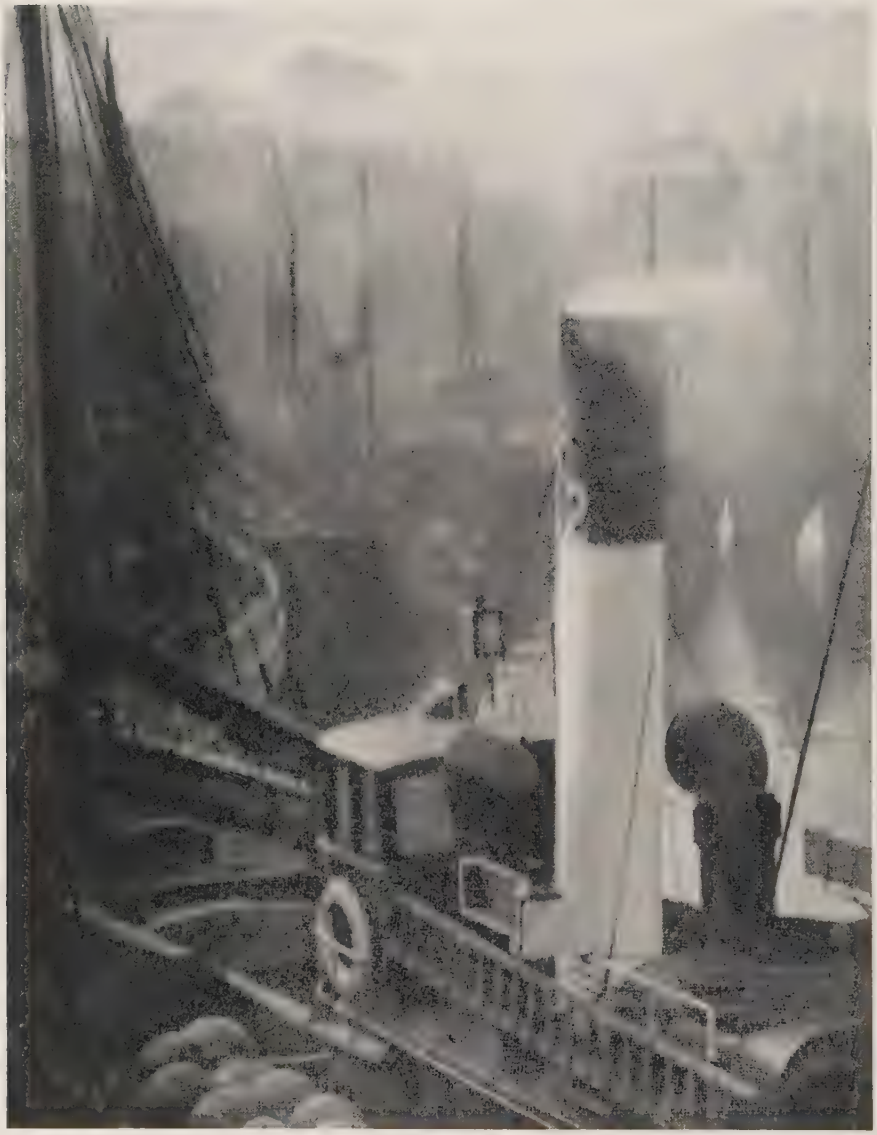
Dr. A. R. F. Evershed (58) has come forward of late, and could go much further with a little accession of self-esteem, or perhaps of enthusiasm. He does not take his work quite sufficiently seriously, or place it before the public at its full value. W. C. S. Ferguson (59) is distinctly amongst those who have improved their position, though I fear there is just a touch of imitation in his ambition. Probably it is unconscious, but I think he is affected a little too much by the pictures he

EVENING ON THE DUNES. BY A. KEITH DANNATT

RIVER PASTURES. BY DR A. R. F. EVERSHED.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY W. C. S. FERGUSON.



SCARBOROUGH BY JAMES M'KISSACK.

THE CASTLE OF TALLAGES. BY HARRY WILD.

MELISANDE. BY H. Y. SUMMONS.

BY THE COOL STREAM. BY MISS KATE SMITH.

KINGSTON MILL. BY CHARLES JOB.

sees in exhibitions and not quite enough by the pictures existing in Nature. Both Evershed and Ferguson need time for study, for observation, for rumination in the open, if they are to do the best of which they are capable.

James M'Kissack's "Scarboro'."

James M'Kissack has gone far in a short time, and will go much further yet. Such a selection as "Scarboro'" (60) has many good points. It has strong originality, for theme and treatment are unhackneyed ; acute observation, for the subject is not obvious ; decorative skill, for the placing of the objects is very good ; confident handling, for his commonplace theme has become dignified ; and good technique, for the values are kept excellently. If there is slight failure in this last point on the sky-line, blame the poor half-tone man struggling with a difficult subject, rather than the original artist.

This is one of the things to bear examination from a distance beyond arm's-length. Technically, it owes much—almost everything—to the use of exactly the right stop in the lens and to focussing on exactly the right point. The finding of such a subject in glaring, garish Scarboro', the self-conscious Queen of Watering-places, emphasises the old dictum that things jump only to the seeing eye, and reminds us that our steps should not be directed to the professional beauty-spots, but rather to highways and hedges.

Bale Rider's *Clovelly* (75) is another picture suggesting that someone has been hiding his light under a bushel. Its author's year's output is not all of this fine quality, but it means much that he could see such beauty in hackneyed Clovelly, and that he could record it so well. Even one such picture indicates that its author can, an he will, take a position which no one has ever thought of conceding to him,—presumably because he has never claimed it. We have known him as a photographic politician of considerable ability, but hardly as a first-rank picture-maker, so here and now he is challenged to live up to the new level which he has set for himself. The beauty of light and shade, of strong homely texture, is admirably rendered. The arrangement of the lines is excellent. This old-world fisher's cot had a wealth of beautiful tones, created and glorified by the sunlight, yet it has probably been seen unseeingly by thousands.

Arthur Hammond, of Boston.

Another new-comer who will find his welcome is not easily represented by any one print. Several of his things have stronger and more direct appeal than has *A Young Girl* (79), but this was selected after much consideration, because of the success secured by simple, artless means without any effort. Natural pose, emphasising of the figure by contrasting background and surroundings, and technical handling which keeps colour and gradation all through the dress while holding the face, arms, and hands in their true, rather lower tone, are the means to a very pleasing end.

A School Decaying or Decayed.

In talking with close students of the progress of pictorial photography, both American and Continental, I learn that one of the most striking changes noticed (and regretted) by them is the passing away of the English "school." The fact was pressed upon me last Spring, and a survey of the work of the year confirms the idea that we have lost the work which won recognition for British pictorial photography, and that we have not replaced it by anything definitely national. The British workers of to-day may (or may not) be as strong in numbers and in skill as they were half a generation ago, but there is nothing amongst them that we can well call a school.

It is a little difficult to define the English school,—perhaps it may best be called a school of middle-class landscape. Some of its suggestion, probably, came direct from Constable and from memories of his lectures on Landscape Art ; something from Turner's *Liber*, something from John Burnet; but more, I imagine, from the engravings and woodcuts illustrating the books of the mid-Victorian period. It dealt with peaceful landscape, landscape-with-figures, and landscape-with-buildings ; producing pictures that were more comforting to live with than are many of the more decorative and more ambitious modern works.

Some Men of the Past

who were intimately associated with this line of work were :—Charles Job, A. H. C. Corder, Edwin Dockree, Colonel Gale, H. P. Robinson, W. T. Greatbatch, A. Horsley Hinton, Charles Moss, Karl Greger, Tom Bright, Wm. Martin junr., John H. Avery, J. B. B. Wellington, F. de P. Cembrano, John H. Gear, B. Gay Wilkinson, Francis A. Bolton, Harold W. Lane, John Gunston, Percy G. Lankester, Bertram C. Wickison, Dr. P. H. Emerson, Fredk. H. Evans, Dr. Llewellyn Morgan, John A. Gash, J. Kidson Taylor, Frank M. Sutcliffe, Smedley Aston, E. R. Ashton, Dr. John W. Ellis, and Dr. Grindrod. A score more might be set down with a little effort of memory,—and of all these, how few are now giving us work of the English school. In our last *Photograms* Alex. Keighley's *Greenwood Tree* (58), P. Bale Rider's *Splash of Sunlight* (150), and Frank H. Read's *Chertsey Bridge* are about the only examples, though possibly a stretching of the limit might bring within the school or its influence Hensler's *Mountain Pass* (69), Dr. Lynam's *Washing Pool* (78), Rawlings' *Mountain Cairn* (79), Warburg's *Postbridge* (98), Bland's *Miller's Dale* (107), Tulloch Cheyne's *Lake Scene* (115), Evans' *Deerleap Woods* (135), Arbuthnot's *Little White House* (155), and Cochrane's *Returning from the Fields* (156). A moment's reflection on the type-work of the "school" will show how far these examples have widened the limits and how largely they are affected by entirely different conditions.

This year, in spite of a good look-out for work attributable to the English school, our only examples are :—*The Canal* (23), by H. Mills ; *River Pastures* (58), by Dr. Evershed ; *Across the River* (59), by W. C. S. Ferguson ; *Peaceful Rivers* (95), by Ward-Thompson ; and *Bringing the Cows* (96), by W. A. I. Hensler. How far some of the old masters of

the school have travelled may be seen from Charles Job's *Kingston Mill* (64), and Alex. Keighley's *Witches' Pool* (152).

Causes of the Decay: and the Cure.

The loss of the old landscape school is due to a combination of causes. Old workers have ceased, others have been led into new fields, and younger men have naturally been attracted by the newer fashions. Hinton, a pupil of the old school, did much to turn men's thoughts toward soulfulness, gloom, and decorative effect. The tendency of selecting committees, judges, and critics has been to emphasise the importance of novelty, strength, decorative arrangement, and fewness of incidents, until the old sweet homeland landscape has gone "out of fashion." It had much good; it is really needed amongst our many photographic styles, and its revival (for it is not dead, by any means) should be achievable by reversing the processes that led to its decay. If only a few men will again turn their attention to this special line, and if the selectors for the magazines and the exhibitions will cast a benevolently critical eye upon landscape, we shall see a new English school that will be better than the old one, because it knows more about tone-values and about orthochromatism.

The London Secession Pictures.

A photographer who does not belong to the Secession suggested to me, recently, that the English school had sold its birthright for a mess of Secessionist pottage; and certainly the development which is strongly typified by the Secession is the chief exchange for our lost school. If exchange were necessary, and if it were impossible to have both the schools, there would be no need to rue the bargain, for the Secession movement is active and strong, and will go far.

The pictures selected from the Secession exhibition (with one from Clarence H. White that was not in the show) are arranged on pp. 35–43, 45, 46, and 154, bringing them as much together as possible for convenience of study. *Finis* (154) has already had mention. Fortuitously, and not of intent, it happened to be the very last number in the Secession exhibition, and the accident seemed happy enough to be repeated by design in these pages.

The general tendency of the Secessionists is to concentrate their attention upon Ambition No. 4—the gratification of sense—by essays in composition and the placing of masses, in arrangement and emphasis, and in the luxuries of tone-treatment. Miss Brigman (154) has thrown a good deal of sentiment, feeling, and symbolism into her picture, so has Benington (42), but the remaining subjects make little attempt in this direction. Frank Read's *Barnyard* (35) is a bit of original observation, with the attraction always connected with the big treatment of a little theme. As an essay and a display of power it is great, and it will probably never lose its freshness, but it has not the abiding charm of last year's river scene (154). It is the sort of subject that should not be too generally sought for;—a "school" of barn-yarders would be horrible.

Considered alone, it has a strong appeal in its big masses; a sense-gratification in its treatment of tones, especially of the black hens against the blacker shadow; and just sufficient interest in the poses and expressions of the fowls to excuse their selection as subjects.

The two views of New York (36 and 37) fairly well represent the outlooks of two friends who are to some extent in the relation of master and pupil. Neither example is distinctively typical of the man's work; and neither shows its author at his strongest. In general (as here), Stieglitz is rather more interested in the mood, and in the tone-scheme; Coburn cares more for the skeleton and the placing of masses. *The City of Ambitions* (36), I take it, is an attempt to suggest the City's rather inchoate effort, the towering physical and commercial struggle upward, by the great building supported by the steam and struggle and gloom of the water-front, defiantly raising its head to the clouds. Coburn sees a New York less intensely earnest, less tensely strenuous, smiling, confident, content with its achievement, and happy in the sunshine of prosperity. The two may be taken as successive phases: the youth of struggle, the early manhood of assurance.

Curiously, both these artists give clouds in a city of which a prominent feature is cloudlessness; so that probably both skies are purposely introduced, and each supports the dominant note of its subject. To give formulæ in terms of the "Ambitions" mentioned on an earlier page, Coburn's picture would be about 0—30—30—30—10; and Stieglitz' 0—10—50—30—10.

Pages 38 and 39 give another pair of comparisons, between the Secessionist who now stands nearest to the English school of landscape, and one who goes much further in the sense-gratification direction. (This refers to the pictures under consideration, not to the men's work as a whole.) Harlech Castle is a favourite subject of George Davison's; and often he has seen it in sterner mood. Judging by his pictures I think he feels the changing sentiment of this subject far more keenly (perhaps not more consciously) than most men are able to feel the emotions of any inanimate object. Of course the feeling is entirely subjective. It is part of the artist, not of the object photographed, and his appeal depends largely upon the success with which he suggests the feeling to the observer. Mr. Davison has shown us a Harlech standing strong and stern against the storm-clouds, eloquent of the times when scaling-ladders reared against its walls and men in deathly struggle at push of pike were inspired by the martial "Men of Harlech" strains. This year he sees the castle half asleep, drowsily basking in the soft, low light of evening, half conscious of the old work well done, and fully lulled into comfort and security.

Dudley Johnston (39) approached his subject in a totally different spirit. While Davison felt an appeal to the mind and the imagination, Johnston felt a luxurious appeal to the physical senses. The full, dark masses, formless, except in the case of the strong foreground note, are glorious in their richness; and the pattern contains two beautiful bits of profile work, in the near, strong fountain and the far-off soft sky-line.

Yet another pair (40, 41) challenges comparisons, and reminds us of the similarity in thought between Gertrude Käsebier and the Baron de

A PORTRAIT.
BY RUDOLF DURRKOOP.

Meyer, noted last year (pp. 14–15). I do not suppose that one of the pictures is influenced by the other, though Mrs. Käsebier's *Red Man* (40) was made ten or fifteen years ago, and probably is known to the Baron. Each is an attempt to typify an old-time people. Each tries to give, in one portrait head, a suggestion of the history and destiny of a race. The American nomad and the child of the Orient are alike reticent and reserved toward the modern Westerner. They are both partly shrouded faces—but after these similarities, how different, with difference that is typified in the two studies.

Archibald Cochrane's *Morning* (43) takes a theme that has often been handled in most common-place, factual style, and often as melodrama. Mr. Cochrane steers between the two treatments : the strong lights and shades suggest the stern reality and hardness of the rural life, but the quiet, confident face has no suggestion of tragedy. From the technical point of view this may serve as a reminder of the maxim, too often forgotten, that strength depends upon concentration and contrast, not upon size. Compare the light of the window and the patch on the wall behind the woman with the great white area of chalk cliffs in Arbuthnot's *Lulworth Cove* (46). It is worth while to notice, too, that though both pictures have a strong sense of light, neither of the effects is obtained by use of white paper. Note, too, how a very small spot of emphasis, the man's figure introduced near the middle of the foot of the Arbuthnot composition, gives scale to the whole. The sails and the semaphore station do this to some extent, but the man is the important note. He throws back the great contorted cliff which would otherwise be flat against the glass of the frame, his blackness gives the tone-key for the grass and the limestone, and his position emphasises and completes the "S" line from the top left-hand corner of the composition down to the centre foreground. The only weak point in the picture is the shadow in the right foreground which is necessary to the balance of the composition, but which is not fully articulate and does not completely explain itself. Such an essay is the high-water mark of ambition in a certain direction. Eminently worth doing, by one who could handle it so masterly as Arbuthnot, and well worth exhibiting and reproducing, it is not a class of thing to be multiplied indefinitely, or imitated by earnest disciples.

Some Architectural Examples.

The increasing neglect of architecture has been regretted in earlier issues of this Annual, and it still continues. In another place (*The Amateur Photographer*) my wife is at present calling attention to this neglected subject and trying to revive the interest of amateurs. The causes for the change of fashion are probably much the same as were noted in reference to the neglect of the old English school of landscape; and the reasons for a revival of interest in architecture are many. Only one need be given here:—architecture is the expressed feeling of some of the greatest artists the world has ever known, and many a man who will never be capable of making noble designs and compositions in landscape or portraiture, may be able to find, isolate, and record the pictures that were in the mind of the architect.

Strictly speaking, there is only one architectural study in our pages this year. We miss the Rev. H. R. Campion, C. H. Oakden, John Bulbeck, J. H. Avery, Ernest Marriage, S. G. Kimber, F. H. Cliffe, and many another. In Frederick H. Evans' *Chartres* (24) we have the best of the students of architecture, at, or near, his best. The original is a beautiful subtle tone-study, and even the reproduction holds much of its charm, though a general lowering of the higher tones, and especially of the very light mounts, has altered the key. Much of the feeling intended by the architect who builded to the glory of God is preserved in the picture. Nobility, dignity, reserve, strength combined with delicacy, great wealth of light-and-shade decoration,—all these are recorded. It is the privilege of one who sees as Evans does, to record much beauty that the ordinary visitor misses altogether.

The New York views of Stieglitz (39) and Coburn (37) are not architectural studies, though buildings occupy important positions in them. Bale Rider's *Clovelly* (75), which has already had comment, may just be held to come into the category of architecture, though I prefer to regard it as a study in composition and tones,—and the same with Demachy's characteristic old-town scene on page 82.

"Falaise," by Robert Demachy,

is not an example of his new transfer process, but an oil-print. While the subject-interest is in the quaint buildings, it is antique rather than architectural. The sleepy old courtyard in a sleepy old city has always more or less poetic suggestion ; here it is used as basis for an essay in the effect of strong sunlight and of reflected light into deep shadows.

David Kay and Albert Meyer.

C. David Kay, in *Walls of Loches* (100), uses a corner of wall for receiving the fleeting, flickering pattern of direct sunlight through branches and leaves. To preserve the unusually fine combination of brilliance with softness that marked the original print in the R.P.S. exhibition has proved very difficult, but something of its charm has been retained. This is a subject in which everything depends upon securing the atmosphere and space. There is no special beauty in the walls or the trees, no decorative composition. The trees serve to give a suggestion of stereoscopic relief, with free air behind and around them. Albert Meyer's, *In Rothenburg* (137), also uses the architecture as a means to an end. Quaint shapes and details, provided by the architect and by the mellowing hand of time, are built into a composition, and the crumbling walls supply material for a study in pleasant tones and textures.

The Work of John M. Whitehead.

Turning from architecture with the hope that some of the old masters may resume their studies or new ones take their places in the field that is almost left to Evans at present, we may saunter through our pages to glance at some of the works which refuse to be classed.

Tempest Riven (3), for instance, belongs to no school or section, save to that which Mr. Whitehead has created and which is entirely his own. It is a school of eventide, of soft rich shades and comforting textures and gradations, of pictures so artfully wrought that we always feel they are pictures. When a touch of pathos is introduced, as in this case, it is so comfortably treated that no one's heart is wrung, no very deep feelings are harrowed. In this case we have a tale of the sea, combined with the pleasing cloud-forms and interesting set of tones, but we can speculate about the wreck with a feeling of assurance that no one was drowned.

Charles F. Hayward's Cat

represented on page 17 was the one strikingly pictorial thing in the scientific section at the R.P.S. Compare it with the ordinary cat-portrait—tabby on a table, kittens at play, and so forth—and one realises the value of this treatment which suppresses so much, retaining only the mask and the expression of quiet alertness.

Emanuel's Little Joke.

With a touch of that humour which we appreciate so much in his brother's "Charivaria" and in his books, Mr. Emanuel caught the idea of the ancient lady standing below her house-number and took therefrom the title *Under 101* (p. 44). The selection itself is quite individual, for only Emanuel would have thought of including two pictures so distinct within one print. Even Percy Lewis, who loves a two-in-one subject, would hardly go so far as this; yet who shall say that the result is not satisfactory?

A. Keith Dannatt

can be trusted to give us something striking, and his two little maidens in the sand-gap by the sea are well seen and effectively treated. The texture-work of the foreground sand, the shadows toward the spectator, the reflected light in the costumes, the touches of sunlight, and the indistinct suggestion of sea, are all well done. But why call it *Evening* when there is so much evidence of a sun still high in the heavens?

Charles Job

departed from his old lines last year, and he is still pursuing his new love with so much success that one can hardly wish him back again in his old school of English landscape. For though *Kingston Mill* (64) is in actual fact a landscape, it is pictorially a decorative study and an essay in tone. The dark, hard, even ugly lines of the trees throw up the light and glow of the sky and give distance to the further hill. Their lean and the drift of the clouds suggest wind for the mill, and the old mill itself, with its tilt into the picture, gives support to the trees. The minor touches of light, on the edges of the trunks and on the tufts of foreground grass, are quite happy.

on page 76, is a piece of intimate observation on the part of the Ernest Marriage. Few pictorialists, working in a great cathedral, find time to note the reposefulness of a monument, and to record it as is done in this case. The technical difficulties are obvious and considerable, but having once "seen" and desired to register the impression, the rest was relatively easy.

Two Ends of the Scale.

Just for technical purposes I will ask the reader who is interested in picture-making to compare John H. Anderson's *Off to the Fishing Grounds* (87) with V. R. Cunningham's *Mystery of the Woods* (126). Widely separated as they are in the book, they are no less wide apart in method of treatment, yet they are alike in one respect: they do not use the whole available scale of tone. Probably no lesson is more necessary for the young picture-maker than that which deals with emphasis, which advises him to use the highest and lowest notes very sparingly, and, unless for very good reasons, to leave something unused at one, if not both, ends of the scale. Both the pictures in question have ample strength, yet neither of them uses any white, and one has no full black. Anderson's *Fishing Grounds* is a worthy successor to his *Pool of London* of last year. With all its reticence it is powerful. The dull oily heave of the sea, the sail only just drawing, and the boat with no visible wake, are all consistent.

V. R. Cunningham's *Mystery* may be accepted for what it is as a study in soft yet strong, wavering light, even though we may not be sure of the relation between the woman in white and the "mystery." Perchance the mystery of the wood would have been just as deep without the figure.

Blake's "Waterloo Bridge."

A. H. Blake is one of the puzzles. Curiously capricious and moody; at times virile, at other times delicate almost to effeminacy, he produces an enormous amount of work, of which almost all is interesting, while much is very distinctly great. Often, however, he leaves one with the impression that even he is not quite satisfied with the picture and that he would have liked to make just one more print before sending it to the exhibition. Perhaps it is a necessary penalty of enormous productivity that there should seldom be a feeling of finality about the results. One recognises this in some of the work of Mortimer—to mention only one man whose output is enormous. The *Waterloo Bridge* is quite a great thing,—just a glorification of a great sky: a triumph of contrast between two elements of which each would be ineffective alone.

Grey Days

still attract the Cadbys, who can achieve greater tenuity without losing charm than can any other photographers. *Anthony Asquith* (131) is delightfully simple, and *The Snow Hill* (135) achieves a great success almost entirely by the isolating and placing of one object in the space.

IN CLOVELLY. BY P. BALE RIDER.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

BY ERNEST MARRIAGE.

FRIENDS. BY E. T. HOLDING.

THE PRELUDE. BY MATHILDE WEIL.

A YOUNG GIRL. BY ARTHUR HAMMOND.

A PORTRAIT. BY MISS GRETE BACK.

THE CEMETERY. BY CELINE LAGUARDE.

FALAISE

BY ROBERT DEMACHY.

still have an attraction for Bertram Park, whose *Salome* (145) is a good example of the posing and lighting of many figures so that each has its own proper share of importance. Probably the arrangement was assisted by the players ; but their poses would have been a hindrance rather than a help to the photographer who was not fully up to his work. If stage settings have their merits they also have their disadvantages, of which a minor one is shown in this picture, where the soldier with the round shield throws a distinct shadow, while the (painted) cypress beside which he stands, does not.

Alexander Keighley's *Witches' Pool* (152) belongs to the genre of dark night and the theatrical rather than to landscape. Only to a man of imagination would the trees standing in the temporary flood suggest the idea embodied in the picture and its title. Keighley has imagination as well as observation, and has carried out the scheme perfectly, avoiding what must have been the strong temptation to overdo the witch. Though this is Keighley's biggest thing this year, it is not his happiest, nor the one most worthy of repetition, and here I may be allowed to emphasise what has been said incidentally twice or thrice in these pages about

Things not for Imitation.

While originality is so rare, while there is so little individuality of insight, as well as of execution, one is bound to emphasise, even to over-emphasise, the value of these qualities. It is a duty of the exhibitions to display work that challenges thought and comment, and that duty is even more imperative for a publication such as this Annual. But the worker must distinguish for himself between the pleasure given by novelty and the more permanent satisfaction to be derived from more usual work. When Keighley shows us two smiling landscapes and one *Witches' Pool*, it is our duty to hang and to reproduce the latter, because he has given us charming landscapes before. But Mr. Keighley is in no danger of supposing that we wish him to turn from sweet rural life to dramatic glooms, and it is to be hoped that young aspirants will not imagine the selection to mean that the tragic is better than the placid. No one should attempt to copy Mr. Keighley's methods—or any other man's,—but if he must copy, it is better to follow the placid, smiling, everyday work rather than the more extreme.

Some of the Portraits.

Surveying the field of portraiture as treated in the past few years, we can indeed thank God and take courage. Professionals and amateurs alike are working with less restraint, more individuality and confidence ; and the improvement noted by Mr. Matthies-Masuren (see later) in Germany, is part of a world-movement. At this point it may be well to look at our collection of portraits (omitting the figure-studies) and note the variety of treatment. See pages 13, 18, 19, 22, 40, 41, 51, 69, 78, 79, 80, 93, 98, 99, 113, 115, 117, 127, 129, 131, 136,

compare the thoughts and the technical methods of the different masters, then go back in memory ten or fifteen years.

Good and Bad Qualities.

The modern work is distinguished by the isolation of the main subject, to the extent of too often ignoring the body, so that all attention may be centred on the head or the face. Of two conventions, this is better than the one which always gave the whole figure, and had very little choice beyond the full-length standing and the full-length sitting pose, but still it is a convention, and has been carried too far.

In the rendering of the structure and texture of the face we have improved upon the old method of elaborate retouching which reduced most portraits to the level of ill-made simpering wax effigies. But we still have too little consideration for facial anatomy. It is a mistake to suppose that because a face is straightforwardly photographed it must be a good representation of Nature. Injudicious lighting, abetted by exposure and development, is quite capable of giving lights and shades suggesting structure which does not exist in the original and which, in some cases, does not exist in Nature at all. This falsifying of face-detail often affects expression ; and while it can be used by the real master, to glorify a face that may be commonplace, it is more likely to be used unknowingly, with results that are not good.

Falsification of tone-values, increasing or decreasing natural shadows, incorrectly suggesting the colour of hair, eyes, cheeks, lips, etc., converting the blonde to the appearance of a brunette and *vice versâ*, is far too common. The fact that one may praise as a study or an exhibition picture what is faulty as a portrait, makes it necessary to repeat the warning again and again, lest exhibition success leads to ignoring of the real use of portraiture in making "likenesses." One cannot insist too strongly that portraitists are still sadly deficient in the study of tone and texture rendering and colour-suggestion. For improvement they must rely upon themselves, largely, for the study needs comparison of the portrait with the original, a comparison that the exhibition critic is usually unable to make.

Strength and Dignity in the Sitters

are suggested by strength of emphasis, good size, and good placing in the space, and elimination of accessory in the picture, as seen in the two Dührkoops (69, 127), the Grete Back (80), the MacDonald (93), the Hoppé (113), the Crooke (115), and the Janvier (117). By use of rounded surfaces, curves, and decorative supporting masses, a sense of opulence and richness is given to such portraits as we have on pages 69, 113, and 117 ; while a sense of strength bordering toward austerity is obtained by treatment as on pp. 80, 93, 115, and 127. The three tend to glorify the physical, while the four rather emphasise the mental. It is curious that not one of these five examples uses the direct gaze, straight into the lens, which does so much to suggest frankness and alertness, and which prevents the feeling, so common when both eyes

are shown looking away from the camera, that the eyes are not both directed toward the same point (*e.g.*, Miss Back's picture, p. 80).

The Tenuous Style in Portraiture.

The "washed-out, grey-looking" class of portrait which is sometimes called Cadbyesque, and which is exemplified by its popularisers on pp. 131 and 135, can often be delightfully applied to child-portraiture,—but it needs discretion in use. Miss Prout, who has her own proprietary version of the scheme, gives a good example in *The Picture-book* (98), something which is sure to appeal to the child's parents, and also to one who is merely looking for pleasing pictures. Dr. Boon, modifying his sunshine-through-white-fabrics studies for portrait purposes, has a real success in rendering virginal freshness and innocence, with its frank, inquiring, receptive attitude toward life in *A Young Girl* (129). One of the quite-great portraits of the year, this is a good example of complete unity throughout. Any appearance of art craft or dramatic attempt would spoil the whole scheme. In the Salon, visitors have asked, "Why are her feet so equally placed; why did he not show one of the hands; why is she standing so straight in the middle; why did he allow those awkward balancing lines of the curtains on each side; and why did he mount the print in the middle of the mount instead of nearer the top?" To all these queries I would answer, because Dr. Boon knew just what he was doing—even to the simple title, *A Young Girl*. Some of the suggestions involved in the questions might have been well taken had his theme been "The Young Princess," or some such title. But it was not. I find but one jarring note: the over-emphasised eyebrows. Miss Edith L. Willis' *Child Study* (136) has much of the charm and mystery of Cazneaux' *Dawn* (111), with just a suggestion of the same feeling as is given by the wonderful *Child at the Window* (42) of Benington, but in more cheerful vein.

Misses Massion and Weil.

Mlle. Massion's work always has daintiness, usually with quite a sufficient infusion of strength. Her example on p. 22 is consistent throughout, from the choice of the model to the multiple mounting,—daintiness and grace.

Miss Weil's *Prelude* (78) strikes a much more serious note, with the boy-violinist in the prelude of life as well as the prelude of his music—earnest, intent, alert and sensitive, asking for comment and criticism upon his work, hoping for praise. The home surroundings, the sunlit window, the simple, unaffected pose, all are in keeping.

Three Landscapes.

Misonné (4), L'Hermitte (20), and Mills (23) may be considered together. Misonné stands quite alone in his power to suggest the soft sensuous charm of the country, and to give permanent interest to scenes "with nothing in them." His subjects usually consist of a not

very interesting foreground with some not very interesting trees and a not very interesting sky. Sometimes he adds a trickle of streamlet, a foreground bush, or a few small figures. There is nothing dramatic in the treatment, no strong construction-lines, but by pure harmony of tone-scheme, elimination of the unnecessary, and complete absence of jarring notes, a sure success is registered every time. Charles L'Hermitte in *La Ville Close* (20) is quite at the other end of the scale. Though his subjects are ordinary enough, he uses them as strong notes, and by emphasis and a bold scheme of construction scores a good decorative success. H. Mills' *Canal* (23) falls between these two. It has not the elimination of Misonné nor the strength of L'Hermitte, though it has attractiveness of subject, relief, and atmosphere, peculiar to itself. It is of the school of English landscape, of which we wish to see more.

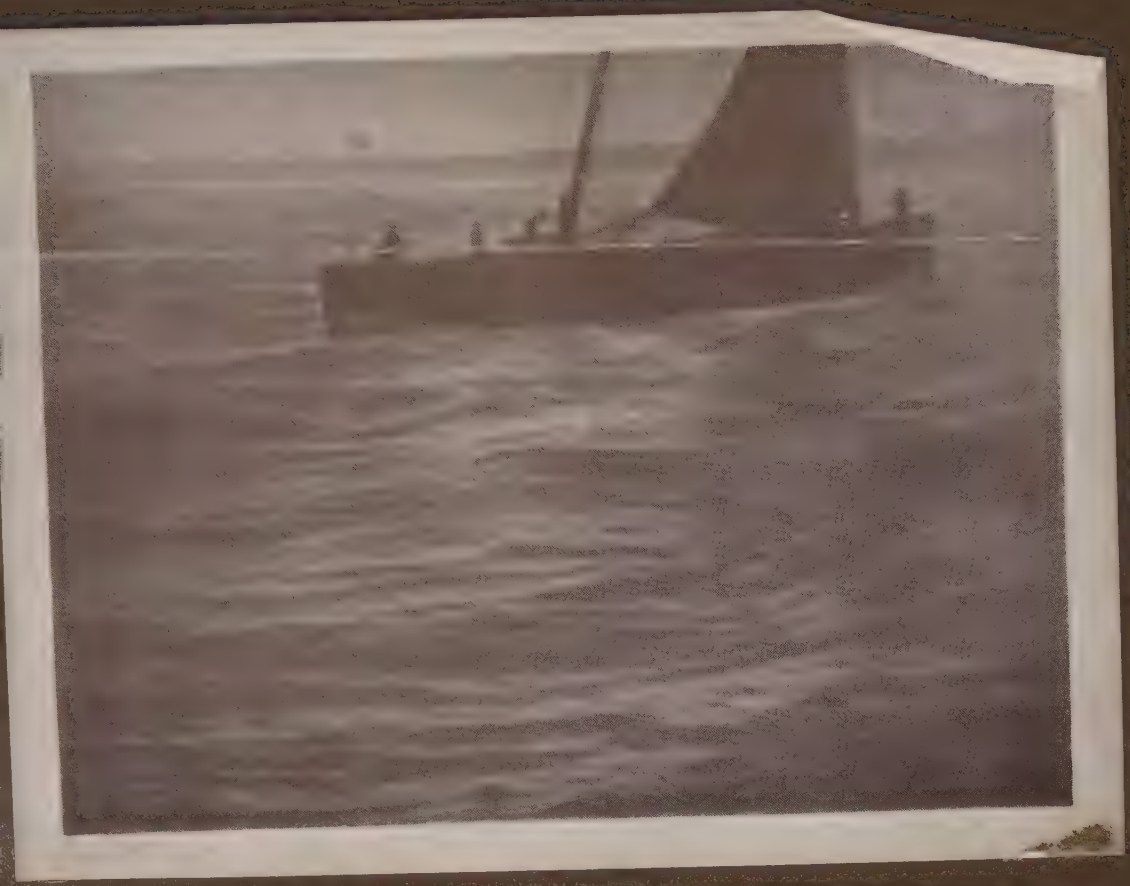
John Moffat's Mother and Child.

Perhaps the oftest-repeated theme in the world and one of the very oldest, there is always a fresh interest about a new treatment of the mother-and-child arrangement. It is difficult to find a new handling, yet Mr. Moffat has dealt with the time-worn subject with so much dignity as to fully justify the acceptance of his picture as No. 1 in the Royal exhibition. The child's face and hands are excellent, and, quite properly, they dominate the picture, while the mother's face takes a secondary place and has its attention all concentrated on the child.

Peaceful Rivers.

If we include canals there are some half-dozen "peaceful river" themes this year, to one of which allusion has been made already. *Across the River* (59) is a good little essay, full of reminiscence of soft sunshine and moist shade that one associates with river-side life in summer. It will necessarily be compared with Frank Read's extremely fine *Chertsey Bridge* of last year (p. 154), and will suffer somewhat by comparison ; which is a pity, because Mr. Ferguson's work has quite good quality, entirely its own. Easten Lee's *Canal* (130) has claims as a decorative attempt, though the texture is somewhat overpowered by the technique in places, and there is a sense of affectation and want of complete sincerity. This, by the way, is not peculiar to this picture, but is only too common in examples of the control methods.

B. Ward-Thompson's View on the Wharfe (95) belongs to quite an old school, of straightforward, factual record work, with no subtlety or trickery about it. Careful selection of an attractive spot, under happy climatic conditions, and careful photographing, have given a print that has proved very popular indeed. Yet one cannot help feeling that in other moods, and using some of the manipulative skill which he shows in so many of his works, Mr. Ward-Thompson could have given us something better, without sacrificing the appeal to the public. Even the old-time expedient of cutting off the upper part of the print would have emphasised its good qualities without sacrificing anything of real value.



OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS.
BY J. H. ANDERSON.

Dr. Evershed's *River Pastures* (58) has calm and repose. It comes very near being quite good, and yet there is a suggestion of uncertainty about it. One does not feel that the planes are quite confidently rendered, or that the texture of the (? grass) banks quite tells its intended story. Just a touch or two of emphasis and light seem needed. Altogether it is one of the pictures that make one realise that its author does not quite let himself go, and do himself full justice.

Two Gleams of Sunshine.

Bringing Home the Cows (96) is enough to prove that Mr. Hensler is still alert, and it was well worth capturing. The jet of strong sunlight thrown down into the gloomy valley is splendidly suggested, and the cows stand well in the open air. At first sight it may seem as if the gleam to the right is the source of light and the shadows of the cattle are wrongly thrown, but it will soon be seen that the light comes from almost directly overhead, filtering through the screen of trees. G. E. Whiting's *Noontide* (118), reproduced from a colour-print, gives a totally different idea of sunlight, bald and pitiless, out on a bare upland, when the rocks stand upon their own shadows.

The Hofmeisters, and Porterfield.

The Hofmeister example (138) is typical of the brusque effective style so often affected by these masters, and with very great success on their big scale. Porterfield's *Niagara* (143) is just opposite in treatment, yet very successful also. Dealing with one phase of an enormously great theme, Porterfield has caught something of the beauty, something of the majesty, of the Father of Waters. An endless mass, coming blindly over the great lip, and passing downward to an indefinite depth behind the jagged rock-pile, it is crowned by a touch of light, and shrouded by a swirl of cloud. The original large blue print is one of the most satisfying works of the year ; and at this point I wish to testify to the very high character of the whole collection sent by the Buffalo Pictorialists. For several years one has seen that they were striving earnestly, working out their own salvation on their own lines, but yet with a good deal of experimenting and hesitancy. This year quite a number of the members of this school have "found themselves." The work shows confident achievement, and but for its late arrival in England, when this book was just closing for the press, at least half a dozen examples would have been reproduced.

Two Portrait Studies.

A Summer Girl (99), by Dan Dunlop, has the charm of frankness and big handling. The canvas is well filled, and the sunny smile in the sunny light attracts one at once. Compared with this, Oscar Hardee's *A Daughter of the Pharaohs* (125) is formal in the extreme,—as indeed it is intended to be. It is not one of Mr. Hardee's great works, and is marked by ambition rather than complete success, though

the failure was due to the difficulty of finding a suitable model. In spite of his title, what Mr. Hardee attempted to represent was not a daughter of Egypt at all, but the Sphinx, emblem of the eternal inscrutability of woman, a character that cannot well be sustained by any modern face. The woman of high mentality cannot pose for that wonderful presentment of the brooding animal—the great cat with the woman's mask that represents the apotheosis of the brute.

Two Groups.

Friends (77), by E. T. Holding, and *Children at Play* (148), by Arthur Rauss, remind us of the extent to which the study of the single figure, and especially of the head, has drawn our exhibitors away from groups of several figures,—a branch of work that should have renewed attention. Mr. Holding's example is sound and relatively commonplace when one remembers his striking work of the last year or two ; and the Rauss example shows how far some of our German friends have gone in the search for strength. The lighting on the garments suggests sunshine, with which the blackness of the sand and density of the background are incompatible.

The President's Picture ; and Mrs. Keene's.

J. B. B. Wellington is one of the men whose undoubted talent has never been fully developed—presumably for want of time. There are years in which he shows nothing ; then again, as in his Presidential contribution to the exhibition of the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, he gives us something quite fresh and interesting, like the series from which *Refreshing Moments* (119) is taken. It is just a piece of observation, happy and unstudied.

Mrs. Keene's *Pomegranates* (149), on the other hand, is a piece of careful arrangement. The sunlight, the hanging branches, the fruit-filled dish, the wealth of trinkets, and the loose robe with its Oriental richness of pattern, are all in keeping. The strong direct light on the wall, and the warm reflected light everywhere else, is well handled.

A Few Foreigners.

In addition to many already mentioned, a few foreign workers may be grouped together. Miss Laguarde's *Cemetery* (81) is characteristic of the delicate work we have learned to expect from this lady. Gino Belotti (114) is on new lines with a well-placed pile of masonry and a good foreground, treated in a manner that is not quite coherent. It does not seem clear why sharpness and emphasis are placed just where they are.

Hildegarde Oesterreich is aiming at broad, strong effects, and in *The Railway Station, Winter* (124), has dealt successfully with the pother of steam and the maze of railway lines in the gloom of a winter evening. The picture carries its feeling quite well into all parts.

The Little Flock, by F. W. van der Heide (142), is one of the

pictures selected by Mr. Matthies-Masuren to represent the German work of the year. It is a little thing, seen bigly; a simple, pastoral theme, treated in the high style typical of the strength and the weakness of a certain school which is popular in several Continental countries at present, and which tends to treat small matters with such strength that little reserve force is left for big subjects.

The Baroness von Paar is one of the recent accessions to the exhibiting ranks whose earnestness and enthusiasm led us to expect much. *The Plough Team* (144) is well seen, and may well be taken to typify the endless struggle to subdue the earth and make it fruitful; the two patient beasts resting for the moment in the great rolling upland that stretches away to fade in dim distance, are so lonely amid the vastness.

Gilligan and Brodhun.

George Gilligan is little known as an exhibitor, but amongst his large "local views" are some with a good deal of pictorial quality,—as the *Canal at Dordrecht* (150), in which the sleepy, quiescent life of the Dutch waterways is so well suggested. W. D. Brodhun (151), setting against a rather wild evening sky a crop of sunflowers just about ready for harvesting, makes a quaint, decorative processional subject that well carries the title *End of a Season and a Day.*

Ralli, Warburg, and Cocks.

T. D. Ralli's *Broom Seller* (97), from the R.P.S., is one of those decorative tone-studies that would be nearly perfect without the title-figure, but to which the figure gives completeness. On *Saltburn Sands* (112) J. C. Warburg has been attracted by the sinuous designs of the shallow pools, and with the long thin line of the pier to give contrast and a keynote, has made a very pleasing decorative piece.

In Sidi Okba (141) is typical of a series shown by Robert M. Cocks, the secretary of the London Salon, whose son has also exhibited excellent work from the same sunlit land. The impossibility of including one of Mr. Lincoln Cocks's pictures, for want of space, is amongst the regrets of the year.

Shadows and a Dictum.

The pictures of the Cockses—father and son—are notable for their use of very strong shadow-effects, and the large originals are well worth studying by those photographers who often seem to ignore their shadows. Only when one has considered shadows carefully, at first hand, can one be sure of the truth or otherwise of a rendering. Some time ago I was greatly surprised by a statement made by a well-known and thoughtful critic, that "black skirts in sunshine should never be darker than the shadows they cast." It is one of those sayings which causes us to pause and think, and it, surely, needs a great deal of qualification. In the picture which was being considered, the shadow of the figures was thrown on light sand, and there was evidence of ample diffused and reflected light. The sunlit part of the black skirts was

represented by a darker tone than that of the shadows on the sand, and, as it seemed to me, quite correctly. The shadow has no connection with the colour reflected by the object, but is dependent upon the amount of diffused light and the reflecting power of the surface on which the shadow falls. If we were concerned with a scientific problem and could avoid all diffused light so that the shadow was absolute, it would be perfectly true that even the blackest object in Nature or art, seen in sunshine, would appear much lighter than complete darkness. But we are concerned with facts of Nature and the everyday world, and some of those facts are very curious. One, which I have stated in print before now, and which has been contradicted many a time by those who rely upon theory rather than upon observation, is this :—On a dark moonless night, when the heavens appear an even blue-black, punctured with stars, a white sheet laid on the ground looks much brighter than any part of the sky, though all its possible illumination comes from the sky.

Observation versus Guess.

In all our photographic work we need a greater amount of observation and reflection. The old-time landscapist who said that the exposure on a certain subject had been "a little more than four months," was suggesting a great truth. Most subjects that are worth photographing need long, careful study ; and the man who can "see" pictures quickly in a new place, is the man who has given long study to his subject in other places.

Arthur Marshall.

As usual, Mr. Marshall has something quite new, in his portrayal of two Venetian out-of-works (147). It is not a very ambitious or inspiring theme, but just an essay in arranging and placing a few lines and masses. The tramps are very properly set in a lazy, hazy, warm, indefinite atmosphere ; indifferent to the world, and each ignoring his neighbour. Though not so charming as the *Venetian Pearl* or so arresting as *Under the Chestnuts*, this latest contribution shows a new phase of Mr. Marshall's thought and another proof of his mastery, in that he was held, and is able to hold the spectator, by such a simple presentment of facts which are commonplace.

Tone Values and "Correct" Exposure.

Since the preaching of Gleeson White, the rendering of tone has become much more pleasing and somewhat more truthful, but there is still much to be done, especially in the matter of clouds and of water. It is a commonplace of the class-room that some light must be lost in reflection, yet we frequently see direct reflections represented in lighter tones than the objects which they reflect—the still surface of the pond brighter than the sky, the white clouds, or the tree-trunks mirrored upon it. A very little thought will tell us that when landscape and clouds come into the same view, they should be lighted from the same point. This was learned long ago, to the extent that we no longer combine a landscape strongly lighted from the right with

A PORTRAIT. BY PIRIE MACDONALD.

IN THE SHADOW.

BY J. HAROLD LIEBREICH.

"WHERE PEACEFUL RIVERS, SOFT AND SLOW." BY B. WARD-THOMPSON.

BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

BY W. A. I. HENSLER.

THE BROOM-SELLER. BY T. D. RALLI.

THE PICTURE-BOOK. BY MISS WINIFRED PROUT.

A SUMMER GIRL. BY DAN DUNLOP.

WALLS OF LOCHES. BY C. DAVID KAY.

clouds brilliantly lighted from the left; but one still frequently sees landscapes lighted from behind, combined with clouds lighted from before the camera, landscapes lit from a sun high in heaven, with clouds lit by a sun that is low.

Study of tones (relative lightnesses and darknesses) would not only help towards truth in cloud-portrayal, but would also give great help in the matter of exposure. Pictorially, it is to be regretted that we were ever taught "correct" exposure, for the only exposure to be called correct from the pictorial point of view is that which gives the effect desired, with the printing methods in use.

"A Day in June."

The theme chosen by Rudolf Eickemeyer jun. (153) comes opportunely to give another chance of pleading for a revival of the English school of landscape. Material of which there is wealth in every country is used to produce an effect of which one can never have too much. No doubt the photographer had in mind the lines of one of his own countrymen,—as perfect in their way as the season to which they refer:—

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days:
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

He was set to represent harmony, light, freshness, vibrant warmth arising from a grateful earth toward the life-giving sun. Let us see how he has done it. The central subject is all indefinite glow. The main encircling line, through the bank and the tree, and the touch of reflection on the left is a line of embracement and tenderness. And see how the light-sensation is given, by the few touches of black in the shadows amidst the foreground fern, and by the definite lines of the tree-trunk and the branches. Whether it was fortuitous accident or a piece of consummate selection that brought just one or two branches of a nearer tree (trunk not shown) to a point where they might easily be taken for parts of the tree of which we see the trunk, one knows not. But there they are, exactly where their lines and their extra blackness were wanted. The lens (specially constructed for Mr. Eickemeyer, by the way) played its part, giving the touch of nearly-sharp definition just where was also the tone emphasis, in the trunk and few leaves of the tree. The exposure, too—if such a technical detail may be pardoned, —had much to do with the success, for it was appreciably longer than the average photographer would have given: longer than the standard exposure meters tell us. Hence the soft tone-rendering of the grass and bracken, approaching nearly to orthochromatism. And before leaving the subject may I point out that the glow of light is obtained without any use of white paper, and with only a very few small touches of black.

Mrs. Barton's "The Communicant."

This year Mrs. Barton is not up to her highest standard,—the *Pair of Spectacles* spoiled us and made us expect so very much.

The Communicant (139) is a rather obvious treatment of a fairly familiar subject for the Easter-time cover of a monthly magazine, and while it is well treated, it is not handled with the subtlety that we expect from Mrs. Barton. The only artistic reason for the strong contrast between the high-light of the lilies and the darkness of their background would be found if it emphasised some beautiful construction-line, but it does not. The soft young face, very suitable for the idea in hand, is strongly contrasted against the lilies and against the veil, though the virginal spirit of the theme would suggest a complete set of shimmering, pale tones. Mrs. Barton is only compared with her own standard, and it is because we realise how very high that standard is, that we express disappointment when her contribution appears to fall below it.

Mortimer and Summer-time.

The last picture to which we must refer in detail—*Summer, 1911* (105)—will probably be seen in the Salon, where it will hold its own even in a strong exhibition, and will be worthy of careful study. It is difficult to reproduce in half-tone, and our version is not more than a fair success, though some suggestion of the charm of the original is given. It is frankly a fantasy, an attempt to typify the summer of record heat, and at the same time to indulge in decorative design and a tone-essay. To attempt the shadow-side of sitters and roses against the fringing halo of strong sunshine was bold to the verge of rashness, but, like so many of Mortimer's reckless efforts, it has come off very well. Even the hard line of the table's edge against the shadow of the step serves a purpose in throwing the two figures back into their proper plane. The emphasising of the essentials and suppression of unnecessary incidents has been carried out excellently. Writing while the summer heat still remains with us, one is prompted to just a little suggestion, connected with the sentiment rather than the technique of the picture,—a question whether the feeling of the present summer did not demand more languid and less alert poses on the parts of the lady and child?

In Conclusion.

Mortimer has again proved his versatility and his strength, thus encouraging by his example what he would discourage in precept. For he fully realises that nothing is more needed for the advance of pictorial photography than concentration. While we must avoid ruttiness and imitation as far as possible, while we must encourage the cultivation of many fields, it is most necessary that each worker should concentrate upon a relatively small piece of ground and aim to give deep thought to it. At best, most of us lack the training and study that are expected to be taken by artists in other media before they produce any results for the public. At best, most of us can only give the scraps of time and remnants of brain-power snatched from other occupations, to picture-making. Hence, if we are to do justice to our medium, and to secure for it a full recognition amongst the arts, we must use intensive methods to make up for the want of time and want of training. We

are almost all led away by the "cursed facility" of photography. It is so easy to reach a fairly high standard of achievement, and so many tempting avenues are always open, that there is little incentive to undergo the toil involved in working for the very highest in any one line. Yet for the advancement of the craft it is necessary; and perhaps I cannot close these lines better than by repeating advice given last year :—"Every man should concentrate upon a narrow field, compare his results with Nature, and cultivate a higher ambition. Choose better, bigger, worthier themes, work and wait and watch for the perfect subject under perfect conditions, aim at producing one great lion's whelp rather than a warren full of timid rabbits, and you will help photography to come into its glorious heritage."

Thanks.

EACH year sees an increase in the amount of acceptable work that must be left out of our pages for mere lack of space, and this year, when the pages were closed for the press much earlier than before, and when the number of pictures reproduced was diminished to a little more than half, the difficulty was accentuated. As usual, some of the late-comers would have been preferred to some of those which were accepted and reproduced earlier.

The thanks tendered to those whose unused pictures are mentioned below, and to many others whose contributions were not thought suitable for selection, are just as sincere as those given to the artists whose work is actually used.

Miss Gertrude Aitchison, *A Chinese Lantern Shop*; Oscar C. Anthony, *Morning Shadows*; G. Gerald Averdieck, *Flowers and a Maid*; Miss M. L. Bodine, *In Killarney*; Cleo S. Bourgeois, *October Woods*; A. S. Bowers, *An Evening Melody*; Charles J. Bryden, *The Church on the Hill*; R. Lincoln Cocks, *The Shepherd*; R. Vaughton Dymock, *Mountain Solitude*; Rev. A. T. Foster, *The Heart of the Storm*; Robert Fraser, *Shadows Dark and Sunlight Sheen*; L. O. Grienwaldt, *Mother and Son*; J. M. C. Grove, *The Lake of Shadows*; Bernhard Gunther, *The Painter*; Miss M. Helm, *Almond Blossom, Sicily*; Clive Holland, *Boulogne Quay*; Sydney A. Huggins, *An Ancient Gateway*; W. S. James, *Lady in White*; R. S. Kaufmann, *Across the River*; G. Edwin Keller, *Morning*; Adam Kraft, *Abendstimmung*; Mortimer Lamb, *Young Canada*; F. Austin Lidbury, *Variation on a Hackneyed Theme*; Dr. R. G. Lynam, *The Bottle-washer*; Charles M'Namara, *The Slope*; J. Parsons, *The Reader*; Elliot Peel, *Babs*; John Perrin, *Edward the Peacemaker*; Clarence Ponting, *The Love Philtre*; J. W. Pulton, *From Beatenburg*; M. J. Rendall, *The Alabaster Boy*; Leslie S. Sells, *The Edge of the Lake*; Edward B. Sides, *Niagara*; Hamilton Smith, *Sonny*; Frank H. Stevens, *A Mill Stream*, Louis J. Steele, *The Refuge*; W. Thomas, *Morning in Oysterland*; S. Jordie Vidal, *Pastoral*; J. Williams, *Sunshine and Shadow*.

A Parcel from Japan.

A LITTLE collection gathered from some of his friends by Mr. T. B. Blow, shows that the Japanese are doing good work on their own decorative, delicate lines. The very elusiveness of the work makes it difficult to reproduce at all adequately in half-tone. It needs the soft brown on cream, the paper-texture, and all the just-so finish. One would have liked to reproduce Mr. Blow's own *After the Bath* ; *The Weaver*, by S. Niwa, a figure-in-landscape by K. Okamoto, landscapes by H. Osada and S. Jida, both of Kyoto, and an autochrome by S. Nakai of the same city.

The Cultivation of the Photogram in Germany.

By F. MATTHIES-MASUREN,
Editor of "Die Photographische Kunst"; art-editor of "Photographische Rundschau," "Das Atelier des Photographen," etc.

ANY unbiassed reader of reports of exhibitions, especially of those held outside the borders of Germany, must gain the impression that with the exception of two or three representatives this country produces nothing of note in the field of art photography to be placed side by side with the achievements of other nations. In foreign exhibitions German names are not often to be found, and thus there is some warrant for the unfavourable judgment of those who have no other opportunity of knowing our work. In reality, however, there is to-day in the ranks of German amateurs and professionals alike an abundance of promising talent to whose development we look forward with every confidence.

Certainly after the ten eventful years when our successes culminated in the trifolium Kuehn, Henneberg, and Watzek, and the Hamburg Exhibitions, there came a change, even a pause. But this condition has since been overcome. Some of the most active co-workers and competitors of those days have followed other interests ; others seem to have considered their successes out of all proportion with the efforts required ; yet others have gone the way of all things terrestrial, by which there is no return. These pioneers, however, are now being replaced by really new and young forces. To draw attention to them is the object of these lines. Far be it from me to give a list of all the names that might come in question. The reader would find that little entertaining. My exclusive purpose is to point out particularly conspicuous groups and their aims.

It so happens that with us the practice of the professional goes hand in hand with that of the amateur. These ten years the professional photographers have now been busy seeking the paths which at first had been trodden by the amateurs alone. They have taken pains about the

SUMMER. 1911.

BY F. J. MORTIMER.

means ; they have enriched their technique and made the acquaintance of Nature. They recognise that the traditional lighting and posing and the traditional handling present a drastic contrast to Nature's living "infinite variety." They have turned from the "photographic tone," from "vignetting," from the excesses of the retoucher, from the sweet and sickly smile. In examining a collection of pictures such as those presented to-day by the German illustrated professional organ *Das Atelier des Photographen*, it is impossible to repress astonishment at the change which has taken place first of all in the direction of the apprehension of Nature. One beholds real pictures ; one is sensible that the figures are placed in actual space, that natural light and natural atmosphere operate about, before, and behind the persons represented. The flat and hard effects of former times are opposed by the full and modelled pictures of to-day.

The most important point in these changes is that they affect a very large number of photographers, and are coming to be more and more understood. Representatives of this movement are to be found scattered through the whole of Germany. They are to be found in Munich, Berlin, Dresden, and Hamburg ; in the great cities, as in Ravensburg, Darmstadt, Osnabrueck, Goslar. The public, whom, at first, it was not easy to win over to this conception, has now recognised the value of the simple, vigorous picture, and has in the majority sided with us.

I do not exactly know whether and to what extent this conception of portrait photography is current among practitioners in England, but it would surely be a profitable task to collect about a hundred typical works of both countries for exhibition, and to circulate these in Germany and England. A great deal should be gained thereby. Though we are well aware of the eminence of the performance of the English amateur, we see but little of the English professional. Yet we assume that in ability the latter does not lag far behind the former. Such an exhibition should, however, be destined less, or perhaps not at all, for the public ; competition should be avoided ; so should all extravagant glorification of the individual. The furtherance of the calling, of achievement, should be the sole object ; and by circulating them amongst the clubs and societies the exhibits should, as far as possible, be rendered accessible to all photographers. The collection of the pictures should not be undertaken by a committee of the exhibitors ; but some one person who is really familiar with the conditions prevailing in his country should make the selection. The result would be more individual, and would perhaps permit of a clear judgment.

I hold as firmly as ever to the conviction that the cultivation of professional photography must remain one of our most vital problems. This art penetrates, as no other representation of Nature can, into the widest ranks of the public. Thus it can exercise the greatest influence in elevating the taste, developing a sense for naturalness, and in educating in an artistic direction. In this country, at least, we note distinctly and with pleasure the steady advance of the presentations in the shop windows of our photographers.

In amateur circles the conditions here are different and not so

gratifying. One misses the organisation which about 1893–1900 matured such fine results and stimulated such great enthusiasm. To-day we have but a few isolated amateurs, who quietly pursue their own ways, and three or four societies in which small groups are zealously at work.

Most striking is the vigorous capacity and spirited interest of the New Photographic Society of Munich, whose annual exhibitions show fine progress. The superficial observer will, perhaps, find little that is noteworthy in the pictures which are there produced: the work is probably too simple and sound. But he who understands that not everyone can handle an excerpt from Nature with the freedom of, say, a Steichen, that it is not ever the purely picturesque which is to be placed in the foreground, that the objective has also its rights in photography,—he will view the prints of this Society with great enjoyment. This Society does, without a doubt, pursue its aim of fostering artistic photography with the greatest success. Growing assurance in applying the medium of expression, in the technique, the development of good taste, the attraction of new talent, are manifest. And the development moves in a steadily ascending line without excursions this way and that way. Very few of their pictures exceed 24 × 30 cm. (say 12 × 10 inches) in size ; they are printed seemingly without difficulty in gum, pigments, or bromide, mounted on well-chosen tinted boards, and framed in narrow, simple mouldings. Collected exhibits of this group, such as were to be seen in Dresden and Brussels, create a very unified impression founded on intelligence. The collections of other societies, unfortunately, impress the beholder very differently.

Besides these Munich men only the well-known Hamburg Society for the Furtherance of Amateur Photography really asserts itself. This body is planning a larger exhibition than usual for the coming autumn, which may possibly furnish some material for our next year's report. This show is to be of international extent, and may thus furnish us with new standards, as we are informed that there are many entries from abroad. Hamburg amateurs, too, who have not displayed much originality of late years, may be sufficiently stimulated thereby to pull themselves together as of old and to take their places in the van with those who are earnestly concerned with the encouragement and practice of artistic photography.

Pictorial Photography in Australia.

By WALTER BURKE, F.R.P.S.,
Editor, "Australasian Photo-Review."

At the time of closing for the press the Australasian collection of pictures, sent by Mr. Burke, had not arrived.—ED.

TO say that we have progressed in the direction of pictorial photography during the year would be to state the case very mildly. In all parts of our sunny country there is evidence of this awakening on the part of camera workers. Men and women who for years have been content to move along in the easy but expensive way of many exposures and many failures are now taking seriously to the art side of their hobby, with, it is hoped, infinitely greater satisfaction to themselves and increased pleasure to their intimate friends.

The growth of this sentiment reflects great credit upon the pioneer workers in pictorial photography. In the face of the greatest detraction, and with but little encouragement, they struggled on resolutely and confidently. Their source of inspiration was the occasional literature and reproductions of exceptional photographs which came to us from abroad. The stream was by no means a wide one, but what it lacked in volume was fully compensated for by its quality. Through this slough of despond to the broader light of a fuller day came these workers, with additions to their ranks as they progressed, and though they have yet a long way to travel before they reach their ideal, still their step is surer and the road is cleared of many obstacles.

The most noticeable feature of this growth is the way in which numbers of the younger men have so rapidly come to the front. As is usual with youth, these workers are thoroughly imbued with enthusiasm, and they do not lose sight of the technical requirements of their chosen hobby. While most of the work is founded on that produced abroad, still there is a decided tendency towards the development of a style entirely Australian, which is certainly desirable.

Photography among our professionals also shows a great improvement in artistic posing, lighting, and finishing. There is a growing demand for work of this class, and fortunately in most instances the supply is available.

The great event of the year, photographically speaking, has been the International Exhibition of the Photographic Society of New South Wales. We were favoured with 106 exhibits from leading English workers, including F. J. Mortimer, Arthur Marshall, E. O. Hoppé, Robert M. Cocks, R. Lincoln Cocks, Mrs. G. A. Barton, Furley Lewis, Alex. Keighley, J. Craig Annan, Charles Job, and many others.

The whole of the pictures were well chosen and reflected great credit upon Mr. F. J. Mortimer, who selected them. The English exhibits, although non-competitive, were the centre of much admiration and friendly criticism during the Exhibition.

There were 338 exhibits in the Australasian section, and these

covered every conceivable subject, and were rendered in practically every known process. Taken as a whole, the work was of a very high order. In fact, as a critic said in the *Australasian Photo-Review* : "The English workers are but little, if anything, better than our Australasian craftsmen. All other things being equal, it is quite possible that the school of difficulty in which the Australasians have learned their art has made so far for resource that under similar conditions they would more than hold their own." Of course this amounts to an admission of inferiority, and I am afraid that we must plead guilty to the soft impeachment, but, as in many other things, we have a knack of coming out on top and our day will come! In the awards, Cartright and Cazneaux of Sydney were particularly prominent.

Two other exhibitions of lesser interest to photographic workers with artistic inclinations, but of greater prominence in a public sense, were the Kodak Exhibitions held in Sydney and Melbourne. These were inaugurated with the express intention of demonstrating the artistic possibilities of enlargements from Kodak negatives, and to say that they succeeded is to err on the side of modesty. All parts of the world were represented by pleasing pictures taken by tourists who appreciate photography, not only for its value in recording the various places visited, but also as a means of artistic expression.

Another event of morethan ordinary importance was the one-man show at Sydney of H. E. Cartright, a very-much-travelled Australian and a splendid photographic worker into the bargain. His collection embraced a beautiful selection of pictures done in bromoil and bromide. He has the faculty of keen observation, combined with imagination and artistic inclinations. He is a master of his craft, and his pictures prove it.

While this article is being written the big windows of the New South Wales Tourist Bureau, at Sydney, contain an exhibition of enlargements up to 40 × 30 inches on locally made bromide paper.

In conclusion, we feel that we have every reason for being pleased with the progress of the local workers during the year, and we look forward with great hopes and ambition to the future of art photography in Australasia.

THE DAWN. BY HAROLD CAZNEAUX.

SALTBURN SANDS. BY J. C. WARBURG.

CLOTHILDE VON DERP. BY E. O. HOPPÉ.

LA CHIESA DELLA SALUTE

BY GINO BELOTTI.

MR SEYMOUR HICKS.
BY WILLIAM CROORE.

A BOY OF BALTIMORE. BY MEREDITH JANVIER.

NOONTIDE. BY G. E. WHITING.

REFRESHING MOMENTS. BY J. B. B. WELLINGTON.

THE RAZZLE-DAZZLE. BY HAROLD CAZNEAUX.

THE FLOCK.

From an Autochrome transparency by the courtesy of The Lumière N. A. Co.

LA GRAND PLACE, BRUSSELS. BY PIERRE DUBREUIL.

THE RAILWAY STATION, WINTER. BY HILDEGARDE OESTERREICH.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PHARAOHS. BY OSCAR HARDEE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOOD. BY V. R. CUNNINGHAM.

A PROFILE.
BY RUDOLF DÜRRKOOP.

A YOUNG GIRL. BY DR. E. G BOON.

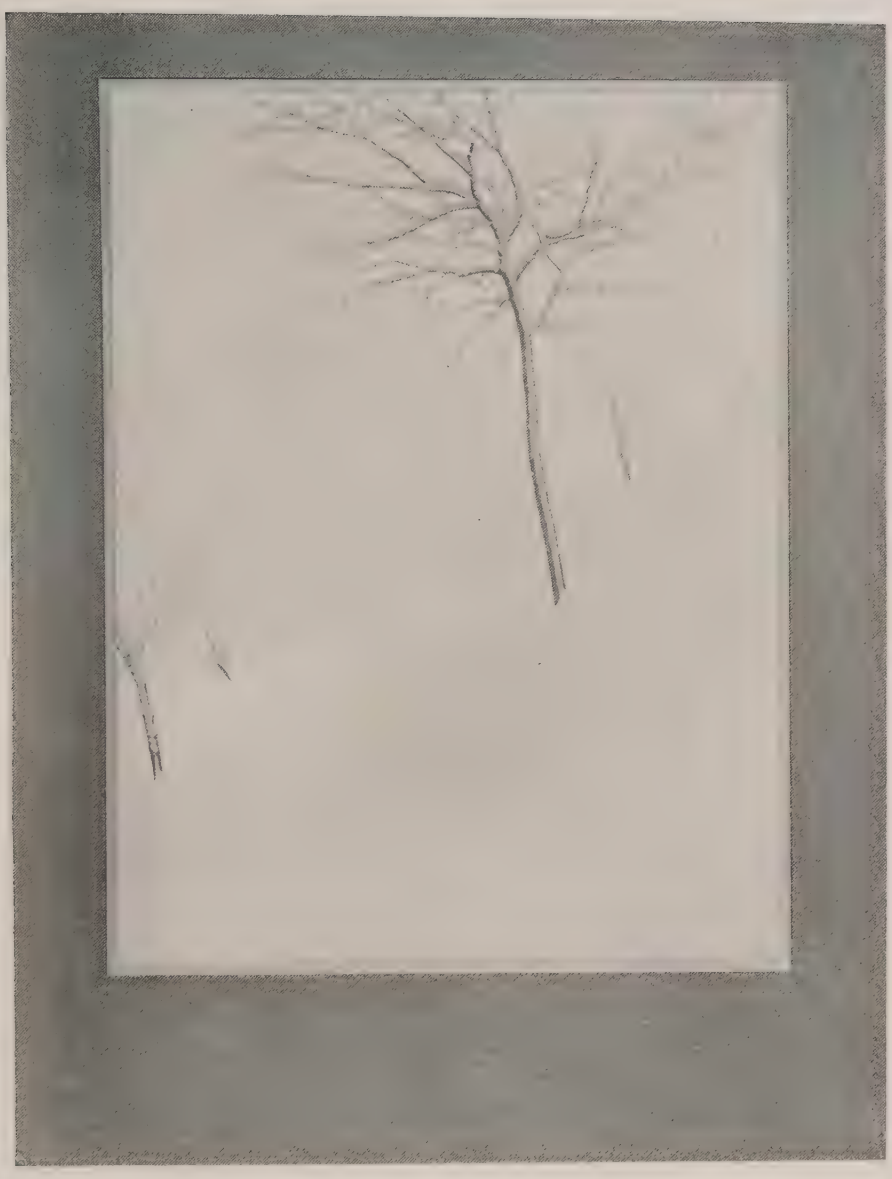
THE CANAL. BY EASTEN LEE.

ANTHONY ASQUITH. BY WILL A. CADBY.

WATERLOO BRIDGE. BY A. H. BLAKE.

EYNSFORD, KENT.

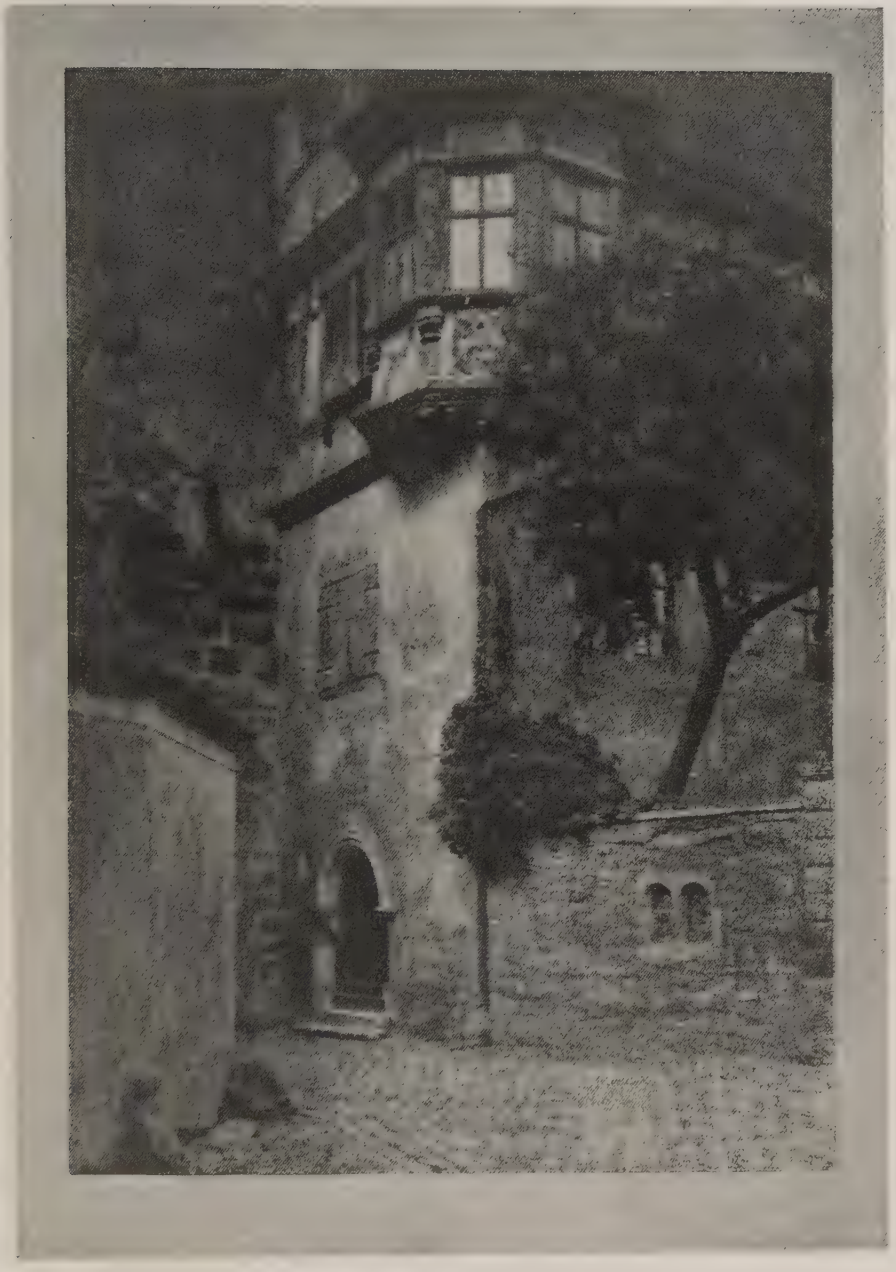
From an Autochrome transparency by Arthur E. Morton.



WHEN ALL THE SNOWY HILL
AND THE BARE TREES ARE STILL.

BY CARINE CADBY.

A CHILD STUDY. BY MISS EDITH L. WILLIS.



IN ROTHENBURG. BY ALBERT MEYER.

THE VILLAGE.

BY TH. AND O. HOFMEISTER.

THE COMMUNICANT.
BY MRS G. A. BARTON.

IN SIDI OKBA. BY ROBERT M. COCKS.

THE LITTLE FLOCK.

BY F W. VAN DER HEIDE.

NIAGARA. BY W. H. PORTERFIELD.

THE PLOUGH TEAM.

BY THE BARONESS VON PAAR.

SALOMÉ.
BY BERTRAM PARK.

VENETIAN TRAMPS.

BY ARTHUR MARSHALL.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY ARTHUR KAUSS.

POMEGRANATES. BY MRS CALEB KEENE.

CANAL AT DORDRECHT.

BY GEORGE GILLIGAN.

END OF A SEASON AND A DAY. BY W. D. BRODHUN.

THE WITCHES' POOL. BY ALEXANDER KEIGHLEY.

A DAY IN JUNE. BY RUDOLPH EICKEMEYER, JUNR.

FINIS.

BY ANNIE W. BRIGMAN.

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